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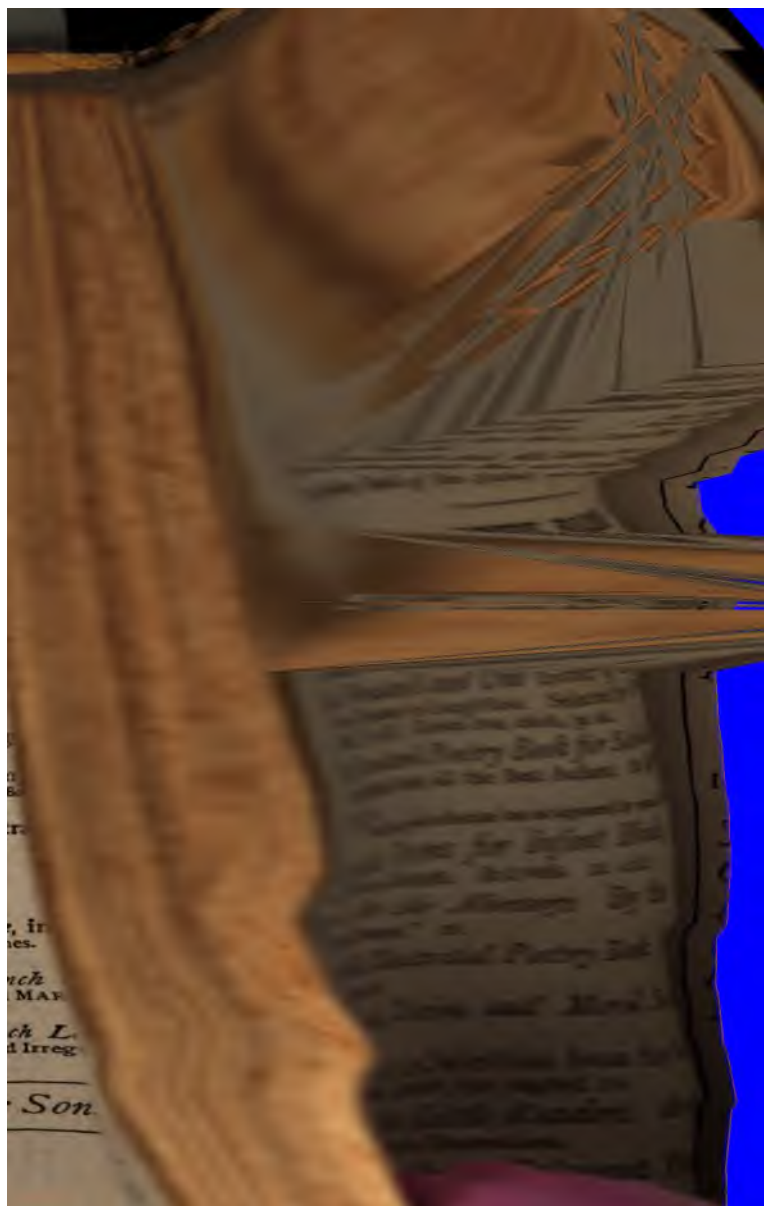
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MARCH

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To silence envious tongues. "

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PREFACE.

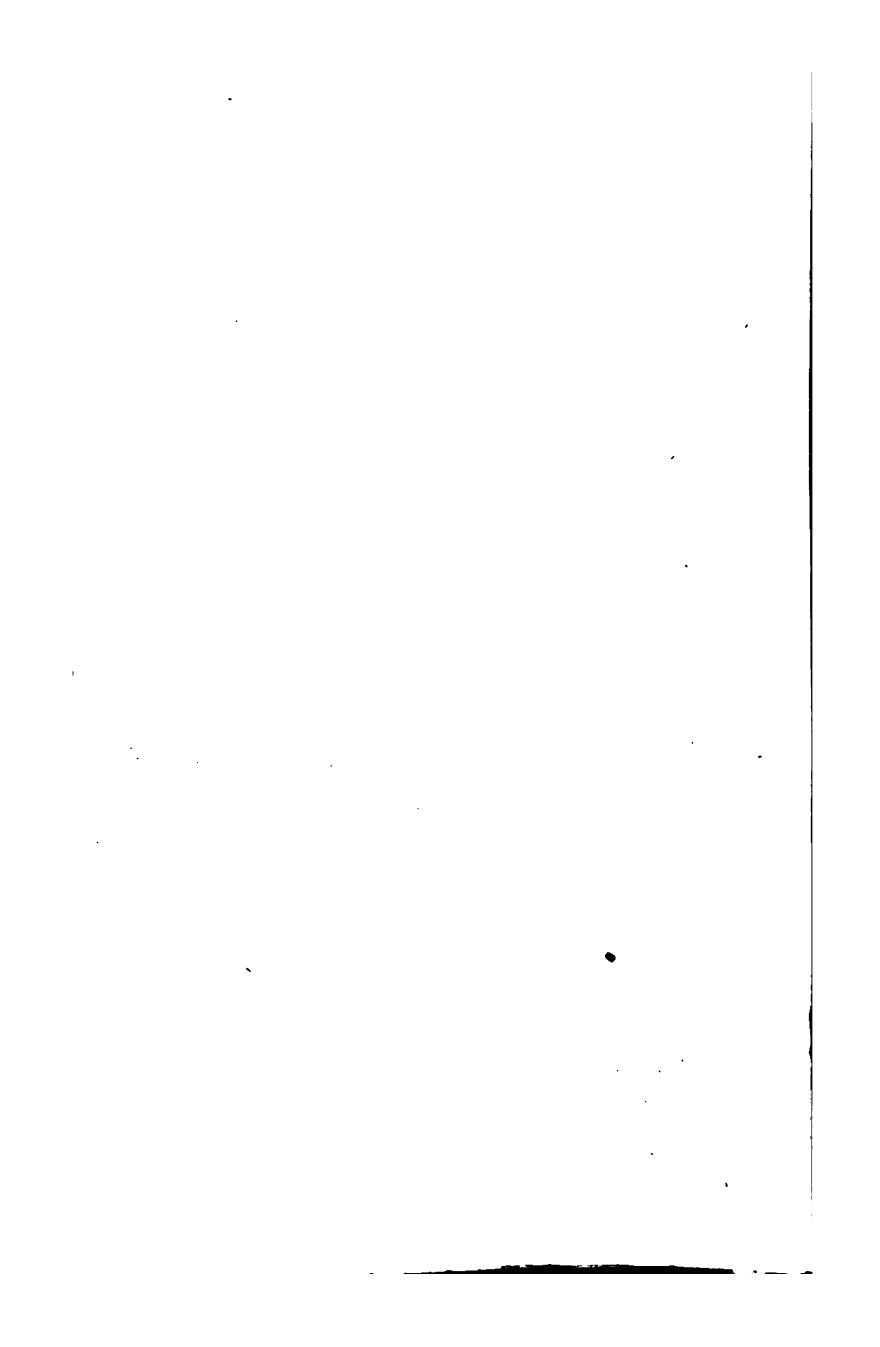
IT is usual, I believe, to prefix a preface to even such a little volume as this, but I have really said all that is prefatory in my introductory chapter, which I trust my readers will not skip. This little book has been rattled off hurriedly, but it is an accurate, and, despite its inevitable monotony, I hope in some respects neither an uninteresting nor unuseful volume. If its sale should be a success, so much the better for the little ones at Wansted who reap the profit of publication; and so much the better, let me be bold enough to hope, for the strengthening of the friendly relations between the two countries. I have to thank the Messrs. Routledge for the very great kindness which has characterized all their dealings with me, and have to thank Mr. McGavin Greig, who has superintended the passing of these pages through the press, and to whose note-book, kept while marching with me from Birmingham to London, I am indebted for many of the wayside incidents occurring betwixt these towns.

GILBERT H. BATES.

(Sergeant Bates.)

LANGHAM HOTEL,

8th January, 1873.



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SERGEANT BATES'S MARCH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Reasons for publication.—Profits of publication to be devoted to
Infant Orphan Asylum.

FOR various reasons, I have thought it desirable that I should leave in England a written record of my travels through that country with the American flag. In the first place, as the prime object of my coming to England at all, was to establish the friendliness of England to the United States, it is well that I should submit to the public of both countries, the varied and often singular occurrences on my march, which go to prove beyond all question, the depth of the affection of the English people for their English-speaking brethren across the Atlantic. If I have received ovations wherever I have carried the flag ; if Corporations have fêted me and voted me public addresses ; if individuals have given me presents for our officials in the United States, what matters it if no public record

thereof is given to both countries? This, therefore, must be my excuse for rushing into print, and I believe my friends will accept it as a valid one. But I am anxious, also, that innumerable little acts of kindness, of which I have been the recipient, should not go unheeded—tendered, as all of them were, to myself, as in a measure the representative of a great kindred nation across the Atlantic. I wish, farther, that the many friends I have in England who desire from me a few parting words on the undertaking which is now matter of history, should have in a convenient and cheap form this little volume, as a memento of the somewhat unusual enterprise which brought them and myself into so intimate friendship. I have in view the publication of a larger work in my own country on the subject which forms the theme of this volume. The copyright of the present publication I have transferred to the Infant Orphan Asylum, to whom my publishers, Messrs. Routledge, will pay the royalty on the sale, which otherwise would be paid to the Author. The people of England have treated me with abundant kindness. I wish to reciprocate in the same spirit. I did not come to England in order that I might return a wealthier man than when I entered it. I had no desire to desecrate the flag of my country by speculating under its folds, even in what many may consider so perfectly legitimate a manner as book-making. My friends will, I believe, appreciate my motive. I am sure all will endorse my selec-

tion of the Institution to which the profits of sale are to be paid. It is to a home for the orphaned, a class for whom, of all others, a soldier can best feel—for a soldier-father has no picture so vividly before him, in times both of war and of peace, as that of the possible orphanage of his children in some one or other of those rude contingencies incident to a military life. If my book shall, by its sale, help the six hundred poor little ones who are gathered like so many bleating lambs in the fold at Wanstead, it shall rejoice my heart when I am again in my Western home, and I shall look even with brighter hope and greater joy into the faces of my own little ones in my own cot at home. Farther, it is my earnest hope that the story I have to tell, monotonously wearisome as I fear it must often of necessity be, shall help, by its revelation of the sentiment of the great heart of *the people* of England, to unite in indissoluble bonds the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. In my country no man is ever esteemed too humble to attempt the noblest enterprise, and although myself one of the humblest citizens of my country, I shall ever regard with pride that in 1872 I succeeded in bringing the two great nations' hearts near to each other till they seemed to beat in unison, and the pulsation of the one was for a while that of the other. God grant that work so begun may not willingly be let die!

I have had to run the gauntlet of criticism common to all whose conception of duty has led

them into a prominent position before the world ; and I have also shared, and to a much greater extent, in the eulogy, and the sometimes fulsome flattery which are equally the lot of such men. I have been called at once a hare-brained visionary, a jester, a fool, a man of courage, an ass, and a remarkably shrewd, thoughtful individual. Probably all of these epithets miss the mark. I hope, however, that my readers will be able to discern throughout my march in England, a motive which was pure and a conduct which was consistent.

CHAPTER II.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE[illegible]

"...that they are further proof
of the power of the Brain."
The mission
Southern
very
of

[illegible]

fessed themselves vanquished, there was naturally considerable distrust among the Northerners as to the genuineness of the South's professed re-acceptance of the Union. Bitter controversies raged in every bar-room, hotel, market-place, or other public resort in the North, over the supposed political feeling of the South. "Let a Northerner show face down South and he is a dead man," was as common a statement as it was a general belief. The statement was as absurd as it was an ungenerous reflection on a chivalrous and high-souled people. I knew that it was so, and, confident that I was right, I undertook to travel through Secessia, as the seceding States were called, with the Union Flag, and that on my march it would be unharmed and its bearer unmolested. That journey I undertook. It was in every sense a triumphant success. For fifteen hundred miles, through cities whose streets had been stained with the gore of civil carnage, I marched with the "Stars and Stripes" to the strains of patriotic and peaceful music,—mid the ringing of joy-bells, and often over the flowers and garlands, emblems of peace, which children had strewn on my way. It was an ovation which to my dying day I shall never forget, and even now, in the peaceful hours of morning, or in the stillness of some wakeful midnight hour, the peals of those far-off Southern bells break in on my heart and flood my soul with their celestial harmony.

The following lines, referring to my march

against the British Government. It was during one of these discussions that I was led into the wager of \$100 to \$1,000 that the people of England would not insult the flag of America, but would welcome it heartily wherever it should be borne in that country by an American soldier. The wager I afterwards gave up as the true bearings of the magnificent project I had undertaken dawned upon me ; and before I left Scotland, or placed foot on English soil, I was able to say that no mercenary motive had aught to do with my pilgrimage through England with the flag.

CHAPTER IV.

IN NEW YORK ON MY WAY TO ENGLAND.

Unfurling the flag in Union Square, New York.—Remarks of the bystanders.—Hon. Benjamin Wood.—Escort to the *Europa*.—The *Evening Telegram* on my departure.

IT seems as if it were only yesterday that I stood in Union Square, New York, with the flag unfurled which I have since borne through England. I remember very distinctly the faces and the speech of those who there gathered around me and followed me on my march down Broadway. Some were very incredulous of my success, and predicted that I would get into as nice a little mess as had ever entangled a fool-hardy human being. "I bet you, he don't travel twelve miles before he sets

face homeward, and leaves his bean-pole in the custody of some parish beadle," was the remark of one individual who eyed me as a medical man quizzes a patient whom he suspects of lunacy. Others, again, complimented me on my pluck, as they chose to call it; others chid me for my rashness; a few predicted for me a triumphant issue to the whole undertaking.

One gentleman in New York, who is animated by the warmest feelings to England, gave me every encouragement to prosecute my self-imposed task. I refer to the Hon. Benjamin Wood, who said to me before starting, "Now, Sergeant, if you should find yourself at any time in Europe at a disadvantage, sick, or in need of money, apply to me, and the funds shall be forthcoming." The noble-minded man also presented me with \$100, and offered to make it \$1,000 if I would accept of it.

I took my passage by the *Europa*, one of the Anchor line of steamers. I took an "intermediate" passage, for which I paid \$33.

I had an escort of eager sight-seers to the steamer on the day of sailing, and after saying farewell to the many friends and well-wishers who crowded the quay to see me off, I embarked, flag and all, on board the vessel, and obtained a bunk for myself in the "intermediate" quarters.

A day or two before I sailed, I paid a visit to the office of the *New York Telegram*, the evening paper published by the *New York Herald*, and in

their next day's issue appeared the following notes of an interview with a member of their editorial staff.

(From the *New York Evening Telegram*.)

SERGEANT BATES.

The Hero of the Flag Once More on
the March.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BET IN ILLINOIS.

Bates to Carry the American Flag Three Hundred
Miles Through England Without Insult or
to Lose One Thousand Dollars.

A small-sized but well-built little gentleman, not more than five feet six, square-shouldered and square-headed, whose clear gray eye beamed with intelligence, and in whose fine open countenance courage and frankness struggled for the mastery, aged thirty-four or thereabouts, stepped briskly into the TELEGRAM office yesterday morning. He was dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of the Federal army, and modestly introducing himself, said with a smile :—

“ I am Sergeant Bates.”

And Sergeant Bates he was—the hero who in 1865 so triumphantly carried the National flag from Vicksburg to Washington. It was a feat to be remembered with wonder. Bearing aloft the

Stars and Stripes he marched through the heart of a community supposed to be still turned by the bitter passion engendered by the war, and the undertaking was regarded by his friends as not only foolhardy but perilous in the extreme. Despite the entreaties of those who cherished his existence, he started off, confident in the hope that the feat would be successfully performed. And his experience demonstrated that his estimate of the task had been correct, for he received enthusiastic ovations from every community through which he passed in his long three months' journey. His name became a byword of heroism, and he retired after winning honours of which a noble soldier might well feel proud.

Sergeant Bates is once more on the road to honour. Hearty and confident as before, he now sets out to perform a feat which, for novelty at least, has no parallel case on record. He is bound for England, there to present himself to a people whose respect for the American colours forms the subject of a wager. But Sergeant Bates tells his own story in a quiet way, something to the following effect:—About a month ago the Sergeant was in one of the most prominent stores in Saybrook, Ill., where he resides, and in the course of conversation with a merchant, whose name is T. I. Warren, the question of international friendship came on the tapis. Sergeant Bates argued that the effect of the Alabama Claims Arbitration, instead of engendering a feeling of animosity between the

two countries, would strengthen their relations. Indeed, the Sergeant inclined to the belief that henceforth England would be regarded as the mother country with affection. From this opinion Mr. Warren differed. The Sergeant recalled his feat of marching through the South with the American flag without an insult, and said he could go through England with the colours, and receive, if anything, more enthusiastic demonstrations. Warren was as good as his word, and bet \$1,000 to \$100 that his journey could not be completed without token of disrespect to the national emblem. Without further delay the preliminaries were arranged, and accompanied by J. L. Barwick, who will carry the light baggage, Sergeant Bates started on his mission, arriving in New York yesterday morning. He looks fresh and healthy, and expresses the greatest confidence of a gratifying and successful result.

"A member of Parliament," said he, "told me in Chicago that as we honoured the English Prince when he visited this country, the English people, in return, would honour our prince—which is the American flag."

As already mentioned, the Sergeant will start on Wednesday in the steamship *Europa*. The line of march will be from the north line of England to the Lord Mayor's Hall, in London, a distance of about three hundred miles. The Sergeant will, of course, wear his uniform, and the flag will be the regulation size—six feet by six and a half.

feet, with a staff nine feet long. Paying his own expenses, which he estimates at \$300, Sergeant Bates expects to reap \$700. But this pecuniary reward will be nothing to the honour of performing a feat which, if successful, will win for the standard-bearer a name that will be remembered for generations to come.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE TO SCOTLAND.

Amusements at sea.—Sunday.—Sighting Ireland.—Sligo Bay.—The Clyde.—Glasgow.

A VOYAGE across the Atlantic is generally a wearisome affair, and this voyage would have been no exception to the rule, had we not had the pleasantest of companions in the officers and passengers. We were not long clear of land when Captain Archibald Campbell, the master of the vessel, came to me and asked if I would do him the honour to become his guest in the cabin during the voyage. Feeling that this was a tribute to the flag as much as to myself, I thankfully accepted his offer.

The most remarkable thing about the *Europa* was the admirable precision and order which characterized all the proceedings on board. I never heard an angry utterance nor, that I recollect, an oath from either officers or crew.

At sea, we spent the time as we best could, reading what stray books came to hand, playing a game at draughts now and again, lolling about on deck, looking out seaward on the trackless billows, scanning the sky, and playing at weather prophets. When a ship hove in sight we got out the telescopes and puzzled ourselves as to her nationality, name, crew, and destination. We used to ask such ridiculous questions of the officers that their good nature was racked to the utmost. We were almost as exacting in our inquiries as the smart Aleck, who undertook from the length of the ship's keel and her breadth of beam, to supply the Captain's name.

Sunday was observed most religiously on board the *Europa*. I believe the Scotch are noted for their strict and reverential regard for the Sabbath, and this Scotch ship was eminently national in this respect.

On the forenoon of the 31st October we sighted the green hills of Erin at Sligo Bay. One or two Irishmen on board looked on the "Ould Country" with the fervour of pilgrims viewing the Holy Land. One of them, roughly wiping the unbidden tear from his eye with his sleeve, said to me, "Ah! it's fourteen long years since I trod the green sod of my native country, and its the many troubles I've had since then, but bless God my heart has never forgot the ould home." In all my own wanderings I have ever noted that the Irishmen exceed all else in patriotic devotion to their own

country. You may erase much from the tablets of an Irishman's heart, but you can never obliterate his love of home and country.

A severe storm prevented us landing passengers at Moville that evening, so we made direct for the Clyde, which we reached next morning, and for the first time looked on

"Caledonia, stern and wild,"

as pictured in the rugged Isle of Arran and the Highland scenery of the adjacent coasts. How beautiful is Scotland! How heartily can I now enter into the spirit of the Scotchman's song which Caledonia's emigrants are so often heard singing on the Western prairies—

"Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee."

When I go back to the States I shall tell my Scotch friends that I understand it all now.

As we sailed up the Clyde we saw the ship-building yards which have given Glasgow its world-wide reputation as the world's great ship-building mart. The clink-clank of the hammer and the subdued hum of the furnace were heard everywhere. I felt that although visiting an old country it was no "played out" and *effete* affair, as we Westerns in our pride are apt sometimes to imagine old countries are. Glasgow swarms with a busy, bustling population, every man of whom seems on business bent.

The first thing that struck me on my touching

on this, the first city of the old world I had visited, was the antiquity of the place. The buildings were big and massive, weather-stained, smoke-begrimed, sombre, and even melancholy in aspect. How different from the countless wooden-frame houses which form one of our "Out West" cities, which, mushroom like, spring into existence on a moment's notice. Twenty or thirty years ago, what was Chicago compared to this Glasgow? Yet any night the ravages of the fire-fiend may make a clean sweep of the shell-like structures of our Western towns.

But I saw much of poverty, also, in Glasgow. Bare-footed women and children—a phenomenon happily very rare in our country. And I saw dirty lanes and squalid back courts, whose poverty-stricken emaciated denizens cowered under cover of the ancient eaves, as if afraid to look the sweet sunlight in the face. And I saw drunkenness, too, in Scotland. More of it, alas! than I had hoped to see; but I met men, whole-souled, noble, philanthropic fellows, who are fighting might and main to stamp it out.

I was particularly pleased with Buchanan and Argyle Streets—noble streets, both of them. I put up at the "Waverley Hotel," which is a well-conducted and comfortable house.

From Glasgow I went to Edinburgh, the Metropolis of Scotland—a city, I am told, unrivalled for its happy combination of rural and urban scenery. From the Calton Hill, I enjoyed a magnificent

prospect of the broad waters of the estuary of the Forth, seeking their way to the German Ocean, while beyond were the shores of Fife, dotted with innumerable little white villages, all along the coast line. Looking down on the city, that street of the world, "Princes Street," charmed me greatly. Level, broad, and straight as an arrow, with colossal structures on one side, and monuments and gardens of almost fairy beauty on the other, it seemed to me as if I had suddenly alighted on some city of the gods.

CHAPTER VI.

UNFURLING THE FLAG AT GRETNA.

Gretna Green.—Scotch and English Matrimony.—Setting out.—
Carlisle.—Reception at the "Bush Hotel."

ON the morning of the 5th November, 1872, a day well known in England as Guy Fawkes Day, and also as the anniversary of the celebrated Crimean battle of Inkermann, I left Edinburgh for the Scottish borders at Gretna Green. It was with difficulty that I managed to leave Edinburgh without unfurling the flag, as my Scottish friends felt hurt that they had no opportunity of testifying their good feeling to the banner which waves over so many of their kindred in homes beyond the Atlantic. I promised, however, to carry their assurances of affection back to the

States, and after some hearty hand-shaking, and a great many earnest wishes for the success of my expedition, I left the Scottish Metropolis, and was soon speeding along over a beautiful country, towards the celebrated village of Gretna Green.

My journey in the cars was an uneventful one. I was favoured with a masterly disquisition on the English and Scottish systems of marriage from a Scotch attorney, whose lucid story enabled me to understand how Gretna Green has acquired its world-wide celebrity as the altar where so many runaway couples plighted their troth. The attorney had as profound a reverence for the marriage law of his own country as he had contempt for what he called the Romish system in use in England, and stated, with a sigh of relief, that England had recently taken still another leaf from the book of Scottish law, and was now prospering accordingly. I cannot attempt to explain to my readers the mysteries of this Scotch marriage system, for I do not understand them ; but it seemed to me to be so delightfully easy to get married in Scotland, that the difficulty in that country must be to know when one is *not* in the state of holy matrimony.

At noon I reached Gretna Green. The station-master, Alexander McLean, immediately welcomed me, stating that he had at one time been in the English army, and had also spent four years in the United States. He highly approved of my mission, but wished me, before I entered

England, to visit the village so celebrated for its clandestine marriages. I visited the old house where the famous blacksmith welded so many runaways in the bonds of wedlock ; and again listened to an exposition of the why and wherefore of the existence of Gretna Green, this time from an individual who was not so enthusiastic over the Scotch matrimonial laws as my friend the attorney.

About three-quarters of a mile from this house is Sark Bridge, a stone erection, some four hundred years old, quaint in style, and set in picturesque surroundings. The centre of the River Sark is for some distance the dividing line between the two countries. From this bridge my journey through England with the Stars and Stripes began. I paused awhile on the bank of the stream before I entered on the bridge and unfurled the flag. The country before me was England, our Mother country, the home of the English language, the freest and most peaceable country in Europe. I now stood on its threshold, a stranger, with the flag and in the uniform of a nation thousands of miles beyond the Atlantic. I was glad that I had freed myself from the taint of mercenary motive, by posting my wager. I felt that my mission with the flag might be productive of greatest good. With no quiver of fear, therefore, but with a heart full of gladness, I stepped upon the bridge, and, uncovering, gave the star-spangled banner to the breeze.

The weather was inauspicious. Heavy rains and strong winds prevailed all day. The dear old flag looked not the less lovely as it streamed in the breeze. The music of its flip, flap, recalled to me moments when I had seen it borne at the head of our armies, every man of whom would willingly have given his life in its defence. Now I was to carry it through scenes of peace, on a mission of harmony and goodwill. And with a silent prayer for the success of my mission, I began my march. A few merry rustics were gathered around me, and enjoying the novel sight, as well as appreciating my motive, gave me some hearty cheers—a happy omen of the welcome greetings which were afterwards all through England to attend me.

ARRIVAL AT CARLISLE.

I reached Carlisle that evening without anything more important happening to me than a rigid cross-examination by an excited old woman as to whether I was heralding a Fenian invasion. So soon as she was satisfied that I was only a mad Yankee with a silly freak in his head, she insisted on my entering her house and drinking a glass of ale, which I did,—and, after a little conversation with her about some friends she has in the States, I parted, carrying with me her best wishes for the success of my journey.

About four miles from Carlisle, I met several gentlemen who were going to attend an old annual

hunt, known as the "Border Hare Coursing." They saluted me kindly, asked me to accompany them, and afterwards enter Carlisle with them, when the coursing was over. As, however, they were to return late, and it was one of the conditions of my journey that I should travel by daylight, I had to decline their request. Their warm welcome put me in the best of spirits, and I entered Carlisle very well pleased with the first few hours of my sojourn in Merry England. I did not cause much stir in Carlisle. My march was as yet little known, and I was amused by several anxious inquiries from a little boy as to when the "Circus" I was supposed to represent would arrive.

I put up at the "Bush Hotel," where a party of commercial gentlemen, good souls all of them, gave me a right hearty British welcome. Their names were—William May, of Liverpool; George Drake, of Birmingham; Joseph Philipson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Adam Matheson, Gateshead-on-Tyne; William Varley, Hull; Thomas Stephenson, Langholm; Matthew Drayson, London; William Goble, Liverpool; David Robinson, London; Benjamin Mitchell, Liverpool; Robert Hadden, Liverpool; George Miller, London; and H. Appenheimer, London. I beg again to thank these gentlemen for the courteous reception they gave the flag of my country.

I visited Carlisle Castle, one of the oldest keeps in England, once a place of confinement for prisoners of State. I had read of it by my

cabin fire in the Far West, in connection with the border raids, and now I looked with much interest on the building which had been the prison of Wallace, and of Bruce, and of Mary Queen of Scots. No foreign soldier, carrying a foreign flag alone had ever gone, unmolested, so near it before. That I was now permitted to visit it in peace, seemed to me a good omen of that universal peace which I hope may ere long reign on earth.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CARLISLE TO KENDAL.

Ovation to the flag from the quarriers at Shap.—“High Heskett.”—
“King Arthur’s Table.”—Banquet and fraternal speeches at Kendal.—A phrenologist surveys my cranium—what he said of it.—Aynham Lodge.

NEXT day I left Carlisle for Penrith. I met a genial Irishman on the way, in clothes considerably the worse for wear, who had taken this road because he didn’t have a cent in his pocket. He had had his breakfast at a neighbouring farmhouse, the proprietor of which he spoke of as an exceptionally kind Englishman. He trudged along with me for a mile or two, till my pace proved too much for his sore feet, and he fell in the rear, saluting me with many parting blessings on myself, my flag, and my country. He was moneyless. But he had a buoyant humour about him which money couldn’t

purchase ; and his stories about "Ould Ireland" were of the raciest order.

At a mansion house, a long way to the right, I saw white handkerchiefs waved from the windows. I halted and saluted with the flag, and then passed on. I stopped at "High Hesket" for an hour, where I had lunch, and I arrived at Penrith at six P.M., where I was warmly received at the "Crown." I was entertained in the evening by leading citizens. Song, sentiment, and toast were kept up till a late hour. The points of interest about this old town are very many—particularly the "Beacon Tower," situated on a high hill, and from which there is a magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. On these towers, of which there are many all along the borders, the inhabitants used to light beacon-fires to alarm the neighbourhood, when the Scots invaded the territory. "King Arthur's Table" is a round piece of earthwork, enclosed in an arena for spectators, wherein the knights of old rode in the lists ; and there is a tradition that two crowned heads once engaged here in mortal combat. These days are now gone. Would that the days of national wars were also mere traditions of the past, and looked on also as memorials of less civilized times ! Happy am I that this past year has witnessed so noble a step in this direction, by the successful carrying out of the great Anglo-American Arbitration, at Geneva.

Next morning I left Penrith for Shap. On my way I had a fine view of Brougham Hall. I reached

Shap at four o'clock in the afternoon, and put up at the "Greyhound." I left Shap next morning at nine, and when two miles out received great cheering from the granite workers at Shap fells. They sent a man to me to convey their greetings and their wishes for my success. Afterwards, I passed the granite quarries, and the quarriers, seeing my flag winding its way up the opposite hill, mounted the jagged peaks of the quarries, and cheered me lustily. I mounted a stone wall on the side of the road, and planted the standard on the dyke amid another volley of cheers. The wind was blowing very strong, and I had to go down on my knees to keep the flagstaff steady. For a few minutes the cheers were kept up, the flag the meanwhile fluttering bravely in the wind.

Afterwards, for two or three hours, my journey was over a bleak, desolate moorland, where I met no one, and had no other eyes on the flag save those of a few harmless sheep, who seemed noways annoyed by my invasion of their pastoral domain.

I entered Kendal that afternoon. It was market day, and the streets were more than ordinarily thronged. So soon as the flag appeared it was welcomed with cheers. I put up at the "King's Arms," where I remained till the following Monday. Of my visit to this town and reception there, as well as the fraternal speeches made at a banquet given in the evening, I give the following report from the *Kendal Mercury*, of November 16th, 1872 :—

(From the *Kendal Mercury*.)

THE TOUR OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

SERGEANT BATES, of the United States Army, who is carrying the American flag through England for the purpose of demonstrating that there is no ill-feeling on the part of this country towards America, arrived in Kendal last Saturday evening, from Shap. This is not the first enterprise of the kind that the gallant Sergeant has been engaged in, for shortly after the close of the late American war, he traversed the Southern States with the flag of the Union in order to show that the people of the South were loyal to the Stars and Stripes. He is 34 years of age, 5ft. 7½in. in height, and is dressed in the uniform of a Sergeant-Major of the United States Army. The banner he carries is a piece of army bunting from the head-quarters of General Sheridan, the size of the flag being 6ft. by 6½ft., and with a hickory staff 9ft. long. With regard to his mental qualities, the opinion of Mr. Morgan, a gentleman of authority on such matters, who was in Kendal at the time, giving his mesmeric and phrenological entertainment, and who visited the Sergeant, may be of interest. Mr. Morgan says that his faculties indicate nothing whatever of the sporting adventurer or the money speculator, nor is the Sergeant likely to undertake anything out of mere bravado, or with the view of gaining notoriety; and this opinion is quite borne out by those who have conversed with Sergeant Bates. He is

modest, intelligent, well-informed, and is a very good specimen of the unassuming, matter-of-fact, and practical Yankee.

Upon reaching Kendal, which he did about half-past four in the evening, Sergeant Bates took up his quarters at the "King's Arms Hotel," and as it was then getting dusk, his arrival did not attract so much attention as it would had it been earlier, and people had been aware that he was coming. Amongst the first to greet him at the hotel were Mr. Samuel M. Harrison, of Liverpool, dramatic author, and Mr. Rigg, of the "Windermere Hotel." Captain Bateson, of the United States Navy, and his wife, who were passing through Kendal, also called and offered their greetings; and a number of gentlemen who had previously decided to entertain the Sergeant, next paid him a visit and made him welcome. According to arrangement, he was invited to a repast at the hotel, and amongst those present were Mr. Henry Swinglehurst, Hincaster House, Councillors H. Wilson, J. Robinson, and E. Robinson, Mr. M. Derome, stock and share broker, Mr. J. B. Ward, editor *Westmorland Gazette*, Mr. R. B. Lee, *Kendal Mercury*, Mr. J. S. Campbell, editor *Kendal Mercury*, Mr. James Dixon, jun., of the Post Office, &c., &c. A large number of gentlemen also called in the course of the evening to pay their respects to Sergeant Bates, amongst the rest being Mr. Atkinson, of the *Westmorland Gazette*.

After a substantial and well-served repast had

been disposed of, and some time had been spent in conversation with the Sergeant, during which he explained very fully the nature and object of his visit, and how it had originated, Mr. John Robinson was voted to the chair, and proposed "The Queen and the President of the United States," which having been duly responded to, he proceeded to give "The Flag of the United States." They had seen how gloriously that banner had been borne in the late war, and although he deplored fighting, he could not help admiring the bravery and magnanimity with which the North carried their colours against the rebels. They were glad to welcome Sergeant Bates as the bearer of that flag; they hoped he would have a safe journey to London, and that the same respect would be shown everywhere that he had met with in Kendal (applause). He trusted that, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, nothing would be omitted to testify the feelings they were all desirous of expressing.

Sergeant Bates, in response, said that no reception, however grand and formal, could be more satisfactory to him than the kind and friendly manner in which he was now being received. He was only a common man, but if they had received him officially, with a procession and bands of music, he should have considered it no more friendly or flattering than the present reception (applause).

Mr. H. Wilson cordially responded to the senti-

ments expressed by Sergeant Bates. Their meeting was purely one of friendship and goodwill. He wished that those sentiments might permeate the two countries, and that they might be bound together by the bonds of amity and friendship (applause). He thought that Kendal had some little connection with the United States. There were gentlemen around that table who had watched the progress of the tremendous war between the North and the South with incessant interest. At that time there was a very strong feeling in this town in favour of the North, and the people who held that sentiment rallied round the North in a very interesting manner; and as there were gentlemen present who noticed the state of public feeling throughout the length and breadth of England, they would bear him out in saying that, as far as his experience went, there was no town in England which took a greater interest in the progress of that war, and he was sure there was no town in England that received the news of the death of the great President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, with more intense feeling and more intense sorrow than the town in which they now were. He wished success to the administration of the present President, and he hoped that his aim might always be to bind together America and England in the bonds of friendship and amity.

Mr. Edgar Robinson said he joined most heartily in the wish that Mr. Wilson had expressed. The success that had attended President Grant's ad-

ministration hitherto was a guarantee almost for its continued success. President Grant, as well as other American statesmen, and, indeed the American people generally, had shown very kindly feelings towards this country—far more kindly feelings, he believed, than England had shown towards America (hear, hear). He trusted that all the mutual ill-feelings that had existed would, in time, wholly subside, and that England and America would join together in maintaining peace throughout the world, because he believed that if those two countries were united in their resolve to maintain peace, no other power would dare to disturb them (applause).

Sergeant Bates said, he believed that the people of America were desirous that nothing but peaceful relations should exist between them and England.

Mr. Swinglehurst said they all rejoiced to see Sergeant Bates and the American flag in Kendal. There was a disposition on the part of a horse, when he saw a thing for the first time, to snuff at it and examine it cautiously, and not to make free with it until he found there was no harm in it (laughter). Now, although he was sorry to say that some people in Sergeant Bates's country thought differently, there was, in Kendal, no disposition to treat the American flag with cautious reserve ; and persons who had examined the American flag and American institutions, had feelings only of friendship towards that flag and that country (applause). He trusted that the time was

constantly drawing nearer when we should know each other better. We owed a great deal to America. From thence we drew those enormous supplies of food which went to feed the millions of our people. The Educational System of America was one which many of them had long striven to get introduced into this country, or at least something equivalent to it. 'Sergeant Bates had spoken of himself as a common man, but common men had undertaken and achieved great enterprises (hear, hear). Abraham Lincoln and Washington were common men at one period in their lives, and yet they left names and histories that their country might well be proud of. He (Mr. Swinglehurst) was delighted to see Sergeant Bates in Kendal, and he trusted that his intentions would be fulfilled in every respect, and that the good feeling with which he came would be carried back with him, and that he would tell his countrymen we were their brethren (applause). They ought also to remember that in this respect they owed much to the Press (hear, hear). He believed that the people of America, as well as the people of England, attached too much importance to little matters of political discussion, at the same time they owed it to the Press of both countries that an amount of sunlight was thrown into the political discussions of the time, and, thereby, a great many absurd, and sometimes dangerous illusions were got rid of (applause).

Mr. Lee acknowledged the compliment that had

been paid to the Press, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so large and respectable a company representing the town, assembled to welcome the American flag.

Mr. Ward said that at first he was disposed to look upon Sergeant Bates's visit as of a rather light nature, and he had no idea of its international character until he heard the sentiments that had been expressed that evening (hear, hear). He did not know what sort of characters they produced in America, but certainly if they were all like the representative they had sent in Sergeant Bates, they had no need to be ashamed of their national intelligence (applause).

Sergeant Bates next said he wished to make an explanation with regard to the wager that had been made with reference to the object he was now carrying out. His first thought, when the wager was made, was, that he might secure the 1,000 dollars for the benefit of his family ; but, after seriously considering the matter, he came to the conclusion that, although he had no doubt of the respect which the English people would show to the American flag, yet the idea of a bet might give the matter a complexion which it was never intended to have. He had, therefore, written to the gentleman with whom the wager was made to withdraw that wager, and he was now going through on his own account, at the instigation of prominent American citizens who held the belief he had come to verify (hear, hear). If he might be allowed to

propose a sentiment, in return for the honour that had been done him, he would propose success to the Flag of St. George (cheers).

Mr. Campbell said he strongly sympathized with the mission which Sergeant Bates had set himself to accomplish. He looked upon that mission not as a mere Quixotic freak, but as one which deserved the recognition and approval of intelligent and thoughtful men. There was no doubt that a great many, if not all, of the misunderstandings that had arisen between this country and America were owing to the gross ignorance which prevailed on both sides with regard to the simplest facts and rudiments relating to their respective characters. He had read not long since an anecdote of an American student who had undertaken to write an essay upon "turkles"; and in his essay he describes the "turkle" as "an animal with a beak like the American Eagle, at which the British Lion roars and trembles" (laughter). Now that was a fair specimen of some of the delusions which the Americans entertained with regard to England. But, on the other hand, the English people cherished equally absurd, if not more uncomplimentary delusions respecting America. Cobbett, who was a bit of a radical in his day, was fond of saying, in his brusque way, that the Adam and Eve of America must have been let out of Newgate (laughter). Now, they did not need to be told that the Adam and Eve of America—the original American colonists—were

persons far different from those who are usually associated with the classic name of Newgate, for they were proud to know that they had still in Kendal people who were content to go by the name that was the distinctive cognomen of William Penn and his followers (hear, hear). In more modern times, also, such delusions were not only cherished, but very perversely propagated, until the typical American was commonly believed in this country to be a compound of an English garotter and a Red Indian. The late Charles Dickens, in some of his works, painted a very unfair and exaggerated picture of America and the Americans; and, although Mr. Dickens subsequently retracted a great deal of what he had previously written, no doubt under erroneous impressions, still, there were a great many illusions left undisputed, as was evidenced by the fact that Sergeant Bates had to come all this way to convince some of his unbelieving countrymen that England was friendly towards America. Such an enterprise as Sergeant Bates was carrying out would undoubtedly tend to remove many of the ridiculous impressions that had hitherto been entertained, by the diffusion of a knowledge of one another's feelings and character, which was only wanted to make the people of England and America love and respect each other. With regard to the Flag of St. George, it was a flag of which Englishmen were proud, and which they were resolved to maintain; not in defiance of other nations, but as an

emblem of peace and goodwill (hear, hear). He rejoiced that the flag of Great Britain had come to be maintained on the great international principle upon which the flag of the United States had been set up. It no longer represented foreign conquest for the mere sake of conquering; it represented peace and amity, and uprightness, and in that respect alone did Englishmen desire to see it rival the flag of the United States (hear, hear).

Mr. Wilson said that the statement which Sergeant Bates had just made, showed that he had entered into the matter with a pure heart. He began the enterprise with a pure heart for the work, and he would take back that heart to his native land, and good would result from the enterprise (loud applause).

Mr. Derome believed that the sentiments which had been expressed were spontaneous and hearty. He thought the ill-feeling that was supposed to exist had been greatly exaggerated, and England had been only a little jealous of its big Son America, who had set up on his own account (hear, hear). With regard to what originated Sergeant Bates's enterprise, the Alabama question, they must remember that John Bull was a man of honour and integrity, and when he was held to be justly liable, he was prepared to pay the uttermost farthing without demur or grumbling (hear, hear). They should not forget, either, that they were indebted to America for a great many kindnesses, and amongst the rest for the shiploads of pro-

visions they sent to the starving thousands in Lancashire during the cotton famine (applause). They should also remember that they were indebted to America for Emerson, for Edgar Allan Poe, for Longfellow, for Washington Irving, and many others, who from time to time had given us pleasure and instruction ; and they must not forget, either, that they were indebted to America for Stanley, and to Stanley for Livingstone ; and last and not least, for Sergeant Bates (loud applause).

Sergeant Bates next proposed health and prosperity to the chairman, which having been duly acknowledged,

Mr. Ward, in a jocose speech, proposed the health of their entertainers.

The company shortly afterwards separated, and parted from Sergeant Bates with many expressions of good-will, and wishes for his safe return to his native country.

I give the report of the *Kendal Mercury*, *verbatim*, not only because it is an accurate and exhaustive account of my visit to that town, but because, as it is a newspaper narrative of my proceedings, my own countrymen will be the better pleased with it.

As Mr. Morgan's phrenological survey of my cranium is alluded to in the foregoing newspaper report, I may mention that that gentleman published the following letter in the *Sunderland Times* of Tuesday, November 12th, 1872, which, as one

of the incidents of the March, I insert here, and also at his own special request :—

(From the *Sunderland Times*.)

BATES'S PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

To the Editor of the *Sunderland Times*.

Dear Sir,

I had an interview with Sergt. Bates during his stay in Kendal, and took a phenological survey of his cranium. There is no indication, either in his deportment or cranial conformation, of either a speculative adventurer, an enthusiast, or a reckless bravado. A more humbly yet self-possessed, unobtrusive, reticent yet frank person, I have seldom seen. His head is three-quarters of an inch above the average circumference of the English male head. The moral region predominates, and the organ of benevolence is the largest. I infer from the outward indications, that he has an apt practical intellect and excellent observing powers, likewise considerable analytical ability and power to trace causation, and to form sound judgments ; that he has strong love of the picturesque beauties of nature, and is very susceptible to tender emotion ; that he is dignified, circumspect, charitable, and self-reliant ; that he is ambitious, and is fond of the marvelous. Altogether, I admire the form of his head and his deportment. He is 5 feet 7½ inches in height, weight 147lbs.,

and his physique is very symmetrical. His face is pyriform, the nose and general features sharp, the eyes rather small and deep set, but are active, and occasionally sparkle with intelligence. His chest is broad, the pelvis comparatively narrow, which gives to the body a pleasing, sprightly, tapering form. He has rather large bones, and compact; firm, elastic muscles, which are spare of flesh. He wears neither beard nor moustaches, and looks young. He is 34 years of age. His hair is dark, and the skin swarthy. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Bates is actuated by the purest motives, and the most charitable designs towards England and America. May the flag he bears prove an olive branch of peace, is the desire of

Yours, very truly,

NICHOLAS MORGAN.

Kendal, Nov. 11, 1872.

On Sunday, after visiting several places of interest in the neighbourhood of Kendal, I dined at Aynham Lodge, the beautiful mansion of Mr. Edgar Robinson. I also visited a monument inscribed, "Sacred to liberty," and which was erected in the year 1788, in memory of the English Revolution a century before. Is not this date wonderfully near a time when across the Atlantic another great struggle by an English-speaking race took place, and also for liberty?

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM KENDAL TO BOLTON.

Levens Hall.—Lancaster.—The two Idle Apprentices.—Franklin's Clock.—King James the Second's Bedroom.—Arrival in Preston.—Chorley.—Bolton.—Presented with a Pair of Clogs.—The Bolton Trotter's Trick.—A live Turtle Dove for President Grant.

THE next morning, precisely at nine o'clock, I set out for Lancaster. For some time before starting, my flag and the Union Jack were exhibited together in front of the Hotel, and on my making my appearance, a round of hearty cheers, first for the one flag and then for the other, was given. Mr. Henry Swinglehurst paid every cent of the cost of my stay at Kendal, as well as the cost of the banquet. After leaving Kendal, I visited Levens Hall, and was conducted over the magnificent gardens by Mr. Craig, the head gardener, after which I was taken inside the hall and shown its rare antiquities. The affable and comely housekeeper, Mrs. Child, quizzingly asked me whether I belonged to the antiquarians, and on being informed by one of our party of the purport of my visit, she laughed heartily at the idea of anybody molesting "so harmless an individual, with so harmless a thing as a flag." The traditional "morocco," a big leathern vase, was produced, and after drinking "luck to Levens," I resumed my march from Kendal to Lancaster, a distance of twenty-two miles: I was accompanied by Mr. Robert M. Dixon.

I arrived at Lancaster about five P.M., and entered the town with the flag aloft and unfurled, with an enormous crowd, who kept cheering and singing all the way. They escorted me from Skerton through Cable Street, Damside Street, Cheapside, and Market Street, to the "King's Arms Hotel," where I put up for the night. This house has acquired some repute by the notice taken of it by Dickens, in his story of "The Two Idle Apprentices," who describes it as a curious old house, teeming with ancient and elaborately-carved furniture. There is a bedroom in it known as King James the Second's Bedroom, and there I had the honour of sleeping. There is a clock made by Benjamin Franklin, containing only three wheels, and representing the three watches, each watch consisting of four hours. A piece of Gobelin tapestry, representing the combat between Hector and Achilles, size 20 feet by 12, is acknowledged to be one of the best, if not the very finest in England. Franklin's clock is held in high estimation as a relic. I held my usual levée in the course of the evening, all classes coming to welcome me.

Next morning, a little after nine A.M., I resumed my march. In Market Street there was an immense crowd, who received me with the usual huzzahs for the "Stars and Stripes." They followed me to the outskirts of the town, where, after a deal of hand-shaking, I bade my good friends adieu, and set off at a good steady pace for Preston. The *Preston Herald*, of November 13, 1872, gives the

following account of my march from Lancaster to that town:—

(From the *Preston Herald*.)

THE EXPEDITION OF SERGEANT BATES
WITH THE AMERICAN FLAG
THROUGH ENGLAND.
HIS ARRIVAL IN PRESTON YESTERDAY.

QUITE a sensation was created in Preston yesterday afternoon by the entrance into the town of Colour-Sergeant Bates, of the American Army, with a flag bearing the Stars and Stripes, unfurled. The streets were lined with interested spectators, who cheered the Sergeant for his pluck, and gave him a cordial welcome to the ancient and honourable borough of Proud Preston.

The paragraph which appeared in the *Herald* of Saturday last had created a strong desire on the part of the people to see the extraordinary pedestrian, and Garstang and Lancaster roads were thronged throughout the whole of Sunday and part of Monday. In the course of his journey from Lancaster he passed through the proverbially "finished town" of Garstang, where he was most hospitably received. The hearty people of that town, which possesses the peculiarity of having a mayor and an adequate number of "capital burgesses" without being constituted a borough, resolved to show the renowned American that there was no

feeling akin to animosity, but that they were anxious to extend the utmost cordiality and friendship to a representative American citizen. Consequently, they invited Sergeant Bates to the "Royal Oak Hotel," where a sumptuous repast was provided; and whilst this was being enjoyed, the Church scholars were drawn up in line—or to use the Sergeant's phrase, in "dress parade"—and gave three hearty cheers for Sergeant Bates and the American flag. The streets were full of people, and an effort was made to induce him to remain with them all night, but having decided on staying at Preston last evening, he was reluctantly compelled to decline their hospitality.

He was noticed by a crowd of Prestonians when he had reached Fulwood toll-bar, about two miles from the town, and was escorted by them all the way from there to the centre of the borough. Preston is a garrison town, but it is, nevertheless, an unusual thing to see a Sergeant dressed in his uniform, carrying an unfurled flag through the streets; and it is still more unusual—we believe unprecedented—to see an American, dressed in the regimentals of the Northern army, bearing the flag of his great country with the familiar Stars and Stripes. He was kindly greeted at various points, and when he reached Mr. Townsend's, the "Bull Hotel," about five o'clock, he was literally besieged by gentlemen anxious to give him a cordial welcome. Being aware that Benjamin Franklin, the famous American printer-boy, had been to Preston, and chosen a wife from the midst of its residents, he was anxious

to have a few pleasant hours in the town, on account of its historic associations, and the company he met with at the "Bull" would tend to confirm his conviction that there was not the slightest ill-feeling prevailing in this country towards our kindred across the water, "whom only seas divide."

I left Preston next morning at nine, again received with vociferous cheers, and proceeded *via* Chorley to Bolton. I arrived at Chorley about noon, where a very large crowd awaited my arrival. At the "Royal Oak" I had luncheon, and during my brief stay there, there was an impromptu meeting, at which hearty cheers were called for the Queen of England, for President Grant, and for the success of my undertaking. I then resumed my march for Bolton. About five miles from Bolton I was met by a crowd of people, who were gathered around the "Beehive Inn," and my health was drunk by as many as could get liquor, all uncovering before the flag—a tribute of respect to my country for which I thanked them as I best could, although on occasions such as these, speech fails one. I arrived in Bolton about four P.M., and put up at the "Swan."

I had a famous evening at the "Swan," as the good folks of Bolton seemed, every one of them, to visit me and wish me success. The "Swan" is a noted house in history. One of the Earls of Derby was beheaded in front of it, and passed to his death from the window of the room adjoining that I occupied. I was presented with

Bolton clogs by a few gentlemen. The clogs were sent on after me to Birmingham, where I received the following letter :—

9, Knowsley Street, Bolton,

November 20, 1872.

Dear Sergeant,

I send you the clogs according to promise ; I hope they will fit you, and you will be able to wear them when you get home. I see by the papers that your journey has been successful so far ; I hope it will be to the end. The six subscribers names are—

MR. E. GREENHALGH,
MR. RAY,
MR. ASPINWALL,
MR. HILTON,
MR. HAWTHORN, AND
MR. BRADSHAW.

I am,

Yours respectfully,

Sergeant Ba es.

JOHN BRADSHAW.

THE BOLTON TROTTER'S TRICK.

During my evening's levée at the "Swan," an individual said to me :

"Did you ever hear of the Bolton Trotter's trick, Sergeant?"

I confessed my ignorance of the legend, whatever it might be.

"Well, Sergeant," said my interlocutor, "You know, once on a time, in this very room, a lot of Bolton folks were enjoying a glass of ale. One of the company was a Cockney, who plumed himself somewhat on his citizenship of London, and was taking airs that made the company anxious to play him a trick. So one old man, after a little talk, questioned whether the Cockney could hold his leg as long in a pail of hot water as the challenger could. The challenge was accepted. Pails brimming over with boiling-hot water were brought. The Cockney put in his leg in one pail and as quickly withdrew it. His opponent, with a face writhing with pain, kept his leg in the pail, till the Londoner beseeched him to take it out, as he had no wish to see a piece of cannibalism perpetrated in the way of boiled human flesh. Fancy the Cockney's chagrin as he rubbed down his own scalded leg, to see his opponent quietly withdraw a *wooden stump* from the pail." The story is "some pumpkin's," as we say in the States, and kept me laughing many an evening afterwards. A picture of the incident adorns the walls of the room.

Next morning, before leaving Bolton, Mr. William Thirlwind presented me with a "live turtle dove," as a present to President Grant. The gift is a peculiarly appropriate one, and much as has been said about the gifts to our honoured President, this is one which not even the most cantankerous of my countrymen can regard with other than the deepest gratification presented as

it has been as a token of amity between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon family.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM BOLTON TO MANCHESTER.

What the *Bolton Chronicle* said of my Departure.—Farnworth.—An Uneasy Conscience and how it was soothed.—Arrival in Manchester.—“Don't it seem strange, Sergeant, to meet the Flag so far from Home?”—Presented with a Union Jack.—Visit to Sir James Watts.—Interviewed by a Showman.—Sixty Pounds a Night for the next Five Weeks.

SHORTLY after ten o'clock next day, I unfurled my flag and proceeded on my march. The incidents of my departure are thus chronicled in the *Bolton Chronicle* of November 14th, 1872:—

This morning, at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, Sergeant Bates unfurled his flag at the door of the “Swan Hotel.” Long before this, an immense crowd had gathered in Churchgate and Bradshawgate, rendering the streets almost impassable. The Sergeant should have started at ten o'clock, but the twenty-five minutes' delay gave ample opportunity to the crowd to indulge in some good-natured “chaff,” and to cheer the owners of two or three donkey carts that passed through them. When Bates made his appearance, he was loudly cheered, and was quickly surrounded by an eager crowd, who almost carried him along down Bradshawgate, on his way to Manchester, the cheering being

repeated at intervals. Before starting, Mr. William Thirlwind, of this town, presented him with a turtle dove, which Bates undertook to carry with him to America and present it to President Grant, at the White House, Washington. He passed through Farnworth at a quarter-past eleven. The streets were lined with spectators, and the banner was followed by a large crowd. Bates expects to reach Manchester by three o'clock.

Of my arrival at Farnworth, the Bolton *Evening News* of November 14th, says:—At Farnworth, chiefly owing to the fact of Mr. Bates's history and singular journey being recorded in the *Evening News* of yesterday, hundreds of persons were assembled in Market Street—the high road between Bolton and Manchester—from a few minutes after ten o'clock this morning, manifesting the deepest interest in the arrival of the star-spangled banner. Prior to the advent of the courageous Sergeant, which was not until a quarter-past eleven o'clock, the time was spent by the watchers in discussing the objects of the journey. On the arrival of Mr. Bates, there was more hand-shaking than we have ever seen bestowed on any person, and it seemed to be a very hard task for Mr. Bates to make progress. Far from insult, every respect was shown to the flag of the great Republic, and if the bearer is rewarded all along his journey as he was at Farnworth, his pockets will be filled with the metal that makes the mare to go. Whether or not a

wager depends on the issue, the exploit will be one that will have attaching to it abundant reward. Mr. Nathan Coucill, one of the oldest residents at Farnworth, shook hands with the Sergeant, and on behalf of a lady, presented him with a piece of silver.

While on my way to Manchester a man presented me with a beautiful pocket-knife. Next day I received the following letter from him :—

TO COLOUR-SERGEANT BATES.

Farnworth, near Bolton,

Nov. 15, 1872.

Dear Friend and National Brother,

Yesterday I took the liberty to present to you a penknife, whilst you were on your way to Manchester, but I omitted one-half what I intended doing. A knife was the only thing I could think of to give you, but I have a notion of my own that to give a sharp instrument is a bad omen, and portends to cut friendship, I had therefore intended to sell it to you for a penny. I enclose a stamped directed envelope, and if you will return it to me containing a penny postage stamp as *payment* for the knife, I shall then feel at ease, as by that means, I shall not have *given* you a cutting instrument.

To you personally (having lived in America myself), I entertain the strongest feelings of attachment, and am only sorry that I could not avail myself of your company for a short time on

the road, but I tender to you my warm sympathy and best wishes for your continued enthusiastic reception whilst passing through this country.

As to America herself and the feelings of Englishmen with respect thereto, I can only say what has already often been said and proved to you, that we bear a deep-rooted and never failing affection for our sister country across the Atlantic, and I hope that that feeling may not only continue but increase, and that the "star-spangled banner," and the British Ensign may ever be found together floating in the breeze the wide world o'er. Wishing you every blessing and a safe and prosperous voyage on your return home,

I am, my dear Friend,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SMITH.

I of course sent him the postage stamp.

I arrived at Manchester on the evening of the 14th November. Five miles from Manchester I was met by John Harrison Blair, who was a lieutenant in the 24th Massachussets Volunteers during the war, and who is now a merchant in that city. Taking off his hat, he said, "God bless the old flag," and then walked in with me to the city. "Don't it seem strange, Sergeant," said he, "to meet the flag so far from home? but I tell you it is safe and respected here. Do not doubt that."

There was an immense reception on arriving at Manchester. In Market Street the crowd was so dense that the open carriage in which I had been obliged to enter, could scarce make headway. The *Manchester Examiner* of November 15th, 1872, gave the following humorous account of my arrival at the "Royal Hotel":—

(From the *Manchester Examiner*.)

The streets of Pendleton and Salford were lined with curious and wondering spectators. In Salford, some admirers proposed to provide Mr. Bates with a carriage, but he resisted their kindness until he got over the River Irwell and into Manchester, when he and his flag were mounted in an open carriage, and paraded through Market Street, Piccadilly, Portland Street, York Street, and Mosley Street to the Royal Hotel. Here, whatever his wishes might have been, the hero of the occasion certainly was not allowed to take his ease at his inn. A crowd of gentlemen got him in the smoking room with the evident determination of giving him an ovation, and obtaining a "speech." The Sergeant, who at first endeavoured to reply to every speech made to him, soon assumed a worn and dispirited look, from the clamour made by his numerous admirers, who all wanted to express at one time their everlasting admiration of his journey, his flag, and his country. One gentleman announced his intention to present a Union Jack to Sergeant Bates, who thereupon said he would display it in

any of the principal towns of the United States that he might visit. Another gentleman, who was just mellow, expended a sovereign in wine for the company; and thinking, perhaps, that his liberality entitled him to special privileges, inflicted about six incoherent speeches upon Sergeant Bates. At one time he appeared as if about to kiss the Sergeant, but contented himself with kissing his hand to him. The health of Sergeant Bates having been drunk, the hero of the meeting responded; but his remarks were cut short by a stunning slap, which an approving friend, who had much liquor beneath his vest, delivered on his back, nearly knocking him over. This same gentleman made it clear that Sergeant Bates was a very good-tempered fellow indeed, for he frequently, in the fulness of his delight, inflicted staggering blows upon his hero. At length the Sergeant gave up the attempt even to appear interested, and allowed the people present to vociferate their love for America without interruption. During the proceedings a vote of thanks was presented to him for coming to England, on the motion of Mr. C. W. Blatherwick, seconded by Mr. John Fothergill. Afterwards Mr. Blatherwick rescued the Sergeant from the meeting and obtained an opportunity for him to dine—a necessity which everybody else seemed entirely to have forgotten.

In the course of the evening I was presented with a Union Jack by Mr. Jeremiah Bibby, of

58 and 62A High Street, Manchester. I received the following letter from Mr. Bibby :—

Much respected Sir,

Right gladly do we welcome you to this important city, and feel sure, from the great sympathy and brotherly feeling we entertain for your honoured nation, we shall have reason to respect your advent. To yourself I tender my heartfelt thanks for your noble and disinterested enterprise, and may God speed your progress to your final destination ! I thank you for receiving my humble gift of a flag of my nation (of which I feel justly proud), and may the two flags which you have now the honour to carry never be disunited so long as peace and civilization shall exist !

I remain, &c.

JEREMIAH BIBBY.

I remained in Manchester until Saturday morning. During my stay I visited several of the leading warehouses, especially that of Sir James Watt's, who himself personally explained the features of his magnificent building and business.

My enterprise was now looked on by outsiders as certain to be a triumphant success, and as a consequence several shrewd showmen put in an appearance at my hotel, interviewed me, and made me tempting offers to speculate with the American flag. I declined.

The following sketch, although not intended to

apply to any one in particular, will give a fair idea of the sort of interview I had as a rule with these showmen :—

I AM INTERVIEWED BY A SHOWMAN.

[*Enter an American showman, big and burly, swathed in a brown great coat, which reaches his heels, a blue and white spotted muffler round his neck, a gold-headed cane in his hand, a bunch of circus bills in his pocket, and a showy brilliant on one of his fingers. Taking off his glossy hat, he seats himself cosily by the fire, eyeing me all over, just as he would quiz some trembling candidate for histrionic honours*].

“ So, Sergeant, you are for London ? ”

“ I am.”

“ This is going to be a big thing, and you may as well make a little money out of it as not.”

“ I am afraid, my dear sir, I cannot speculate with the American flag in England.”

“ You are not a Yankee if you don't. Now look here, my name is Mr. Walkup—Jeremiah Walkup—well known over all this country, and I am a particular friend of old Robertson, Billy Emerson, Dan Bryant, and others of our celebrated countrymen. Now, sir, I propose hiring a big band of music, twenty or thirty strong, to walk before you on this march, and we can give concerts and play national airs—“ Yankee Doodle,” you know, and

"Rule Britannia" and "Hail Columbia," and "Shoo! Fly!!" Bless my soul, sir, I will give you fifty pounds a night for the next five weeks, and you are not a genuine down-easter if you don't accept my offer."

"My dear sir, I must refuse. I dare not lend that flag to any such purpose."

"Nonsense," rejoins my friend. "Here, I'll give you sixty pounds a night! I am good for the money."

"No, sir, I can't accept your offer, I assure you."

"Well, sir, I have an interest in a circus which is running not a thousand miles from here, and I'll promise to provide you with such a magnificent mounted escort, sir, as would make President Grant himself accept my offer."

"No, an emphatic No is my answer, Mr. Walkup, but I thank you all the same. You are a good soul, and you are quite right to push your own business as you best can. I honour enterprise. I cannot, however, for the world, make a circus exhibition of the flag. By George, they'd lynch me when I got back to the States!"

"Not, sir, if they knew you were under the auspices of Mr. Walkup, I assure you. But, Sergeant, think over it. Here's my card. Here's my references. Here's a picture of my caravans on the march. That's a photograph of my circus. There's an engraving of the —— Theatre, all institutions of popular entertainment, run by yours truly, Jeremiah Walkup, Tip-top, every one of

them. Now, Sergeant, what will you have to drink ? Anything you like that money can buy, anything but them aërated waters"—pointing to an empty lemonade bottle lying on the table.

We liquored up, lit our cigars, and renewed an animated dialogue, Mr. Walkup deftly diverting our discourse into the show business every few minutes, and trying hard to tempt me again and again to break from the stern negative I had given to his request. It was no use, he ultimately found, but we parted not the less good friends ; nor do I think the less of him for the zeal with which he followed up what he conceived to be a legitimate branch of his own business. Apropos of this show manœuvring, the *Manchester Examiner* had the following amusing leader :—

(From the *Manchester Examiner*.)

The more anxious of our citizens will give a sigh of relief on learning that the "star-spangled banner" has been paraded through our streets without leading to any breach of the peace. Our columns have more than once done justice to the enterprise of Colour-Sergeant Bates in the prosecution of his undiplomatic and Quixotic mission, but his arrival amongst us naturally induces us to revert to the subject. We make very little doubt that the Sergeant will land at the Mansion House in triumph with his flag, but it would not be easy to say precisely what the feat will have proved.

No sane man anywhere, least of all in this part of England, ever doubted the admiration with which we regarded the American nation, but we might fairly object to the fantastical test set up by a couple of disputants in Illinois. Mr. Bates now wishes it to be understood that he has cancelled the original wager, and that he is prosecuting his task out of pure love. So far this is good, but we fancy our gratitude is rather due to him for another piece of self-denial. He has, it seems, declined the offers of several American "speculators" to manage his tour for him. As these gentlemen were willing to pay handsomely for the proposed concession, we can only vaguely conjecture what we have escaped. As it is, nothing could be more unpretending than the Sergeant's method of operations, but if he had been in the hands of the speculators, we should doubtless have had to submit to exhibitions upon a most extensive scale, and in every way trying to weak nerves. While, however, we wish Mr. Bates personally well through his task, we hope nobody will be tempted to imitate him. With Mr. Froude lecturing in the United States to crowded audiences on English rule in Ireland, and Mr. Bates displaying his banner to enthusiastic crowds in England, it would be unpardonable to entertain further doubts of the thorough good understanding existing between the peoples of the two countries.

CHAPTER X.

FROM MANCHESTER TO BIRMINGHAM.

A Young Lady escorts me out of Manchester.—Ovation at Macclesfield.
—Congleton, Burslem, Stafford, Wolverhampton.—Crowned with
Laurel.—A Novel Suggestion.

SETTING out from Manchester to Macclesfield, I was met by a repetition of the same hearty ovations which greeted me on my entry to Manchester. The crowd kept slapping me on the shoulders, shaking hands with me, slipping money in my pockets, hurrahing, singing, and even dancing with joy, before our glorious old flag. Among others who accompanied me out of Manchester were a young lady and her little brother, who escorted me for five miles on my way to Macclesfield. The girl's devotion to the flag was all the more welcome that she was an English subject. No girl in the United States could have been more enthusiastically loyal and anxious for my ultimate success than she. Her name and that of her little brother I have carefully noted, and would have liked to have published them in connection with my journey, were it not that such publicity might in after years be distasteful to her.

At Hazel Grove Factory, the factory girls drew up in line and gave me cheers as I passed. Half-way to Macclesfield I met a poor beggar woman, who accosted me as "Sergeant Bates," saying she heard them read of me in the papers at the place

where she had slept the previous evening. She hadn't a cent, and I found in her a fitting recipient for a considerable part of the coppers with which my pockets were laden. She was, of course, very grateful, and I do not suppose the good folks of Manchester will demur to this act of their impromptu almoner.

At Macclesfield I had another ovation. I was tendered the hospitalities of the "Angel Hotel," and treated like a Prince. On Sunday I dined with the Staff of the 2nd^d Royal Cheshire Militia. Supped in the evening with the Mayor, Mr. Edward Clarke, who presented me with a beautiful gold breast-pin. His letter of invitation to me was as follows :—

THE MAYOR OF MACCLESFIELD TO SERGEANT
BATES.

Park Gottage, Macclesfield,

Sunday, 1 p.m., 17th Nov., 1872.

My dear Sergeant Bates,

I have just learned that you are probably now in the town of Macclesfield, of which I have the honour to be the Chief Magistrate. As I have the pleasure to enjoy the friendship of many Americans whom I esteem most highly, I shall be greatly gratified if you can make it convenient to come to my house and partake of such as I have to offer, in the company of some relatives who will take tea with me on this our Sabbath

evening. Let me conclude with the sincere hope that you will not hesitate to accompany the bearer, my only son, to my house, provided you are not already engaged. In the meantime believe me to be,

Yours truly,
EDWARD CLARKE,
(Mayor).

Colour-Sergeant Bates,
U.S. Army.

Later in the evening, I was also entertained at the "Punchbowl Inn," by quite a crowd of sympathizers.

On Monday morning I left Macclesfield, and arrived at Congleton at half-past eleven o'clock. I was conducted to the court room, which was crowded, and the Mayor introduced me in a neat little speech. Afterwards in an ante-chamber, several of the magistrates entertained me to luncheon. I was then escorted to the "Lion and Swan," where another feast was spread. After a short sojourn, I set out amid deafening cheers, and arrived that evening at Burslem, where I put up at the "Leopard," the landlord of which said he would feel insulted if I said a word about my bill.

From Burslem I went to Stafford, where I put up at the "Swan." I was most hospitably entertained, and went through the usual levée in the evening, many prominent men coming and paying

their respects to the flag. I left Burslem next morning, and reached Wolverhampton in the evening. Rested over night at the "Star and Garter." Quite an ovation again. From this town to Birmingham my march was like that of a triumphal warrior. The crowds at my heels were marshalled by Mr. Estap, in military order, and tramped along to the singing of the national melodies of both countries. "Rule Britannia" and "Yankee Doodle" were the favourite tunes. The Bilston Town Commissioners entertained me, and at West Bromwich a young man rushed out and crowned my flagstaff with laurel.

The following letter, which I received in Birmingham, explains this incident:—

West Bromwich,
21st Nov., 1872.

Dear Sir,

I beg to introduce myself to you as being a fellow-soldier during a portion of the time the civil war in the United States continued, having enlisted in the 15th N. Y. Hy. Arty. (then stationed at Forts Lyon, &c., &c.), in January, 1864, and serving with that regiment until the siege of Petersburg, when I was detailed as clerk to Captain Fred Gerker, of Philadelphia, in the Commissariat of the 2nd Division 5th A. C.

Having thus identified myself, I must tell you that, hearing from the newspapers of your mission, and the journey from Wolverhampton to Birming-

ham, I suggested to my fellow-clerk the propriety of obtaining a suitable laurel-wreath, for presentation to you ; but, unfortunately, we hadn't an idea as to the time you would pass through West Bromwich. On this account, I was prevented seeing you at all, and my friend had to rush frantically to obtain the few branches of laurel he (with better intention, perhaps, than expressed), presented to you ; will you, therefore, take the will for the deed ?

Your sincere well-wisher,

B. HUGHES.

Another interesting letter from West Bromwich was as follows :—

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

Loveday, Street, West Bromwich,

Nov. 21, 1872.

My dear Sir,

A thought occurred to my mind to-day as you passed through West Bromwich, with the glorious star-spangled banner at rest in its peaceful folds upon your shoulder, what a power for weal or for woe you triumphantly bore along in our midst ! May it long rest in peace, glorious emblem of a mighty nation ! Another delightful idea also crossed my mind, that when you returned to your beautiful land beyond the waves, if you could be accompanied by a British officer, and both of you

pass through the cities of your great Republic together, your flags in united folds, I think it would be the grandest sight before the world ever witnessed—the union of love between the two greatest and most civilized nations, and certainly the harbinger of the near approach of that glorious day when the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook, and nations learn war no more! Wishing you every prosperity and happiness, and a long life to adorn and bear the standard of a mighty people,

I remain,

Yours, very respectfully and affectionately,

WM. SOMERS.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL IN BIRMINGHAM.

Put up at "Hen and Chickens."—Interviewed by Specials.—Mrs. Rousby as Joan of Arc.—Day's Crystal Palace Concert Room.

I ENTERED Birmingham late in the afternoon, escorted by a crowd composed of all classes and of all ages. I put up at the "Hen and Chickens," the proprietor of which, Mr. Oldfield, had written to me while I was at Kendal, offering me the hospitalities of his old and well-known house. Mr. Oldfield gave me the heartiest welcome, saying, "Now, Sergeant, just consider the house, wine

cellar, cash drawer, everything your own while you are here." He gave me one of the best sitting-rooms in the hotel, and treated me as if I was there officially representing the forty millions of my fellow-citizens of the United States. That evening I accompanied him to the theatre, where I witnessed Mrs. Rousby's impersonation of Joan of Arc, in the play of that name by Mr. Tom Taylor.

Next day I paid my respects to the American Consul, and afterwards submitted to a good deal of interviewing by members of the local Press. The *New York Herald* representative paid me a visit, and also the London correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Mr. McGavin Greig, who also sent a few notes of his interview to the *Dundee Advertiser*, from which I take the following:—

(From the *Dundee Advertiser*.)

CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG THROUGH ENGLAND.

SERGEANT-MAJOR BATES "INTERVIEWED."

Birmingham, Nov., 22, 1872.

I CAME down "special" from London last night to "interview" the intrepid bearer of the American Union flag, and report for the American Press his reception in the great metropolis of the Midland Counties. Sergeant Bates had entered the city

an hour or two before my arrival, amidst the most vociferous plaudits from all classes—"God bless the Stars and Stripes!" being a frequent exclamation of the groups of working men who stood uncovered and spoke with voices choked with emotion. This morning after breakfast I sent up my card as a member of the San Francisco Press to the Sergeant, endorsing on it that I knew the people of California, so many of whom are Englishmen, would be delighted to have some account of his march from himself personally, and that I knew their hearts were with him in his mission of peace. I added, also, that I had crossed the Rocky Mountains four times. The waiter sped upstairs with my card, and in a twinkling was back with an invitation to come at once to the Major. I found him in a neat, cosy little parlour, comfortably seated by the fire nursing his right foot, which was sprained the other day. He received me most warmly, as the first member of the American Press who had interviewed him, bade me be seated, and we were straightway over head and ears in a long interview, many of the details of which I need not trouble you with, as they were of interest to Americans only.

But let me first describe the Sergeant. He is a little, lithe, firmly-knit man, thirty-four years of age—but looks very much younger—dark, without whiskers, very nimble in his gait, with a particularly mild, intelligent eye, modest in his bearing, and exceedingly frank.

"Sergeant," said I, "this is a piece of splendid pluck, this enterprise of yours."

"Well, no," he rejoined. "I am not, after all, a man of extraordinary courage. I am not stock full of that article by any means. I have never, from the first moment this journey was mooted, dreamed that it involved any difficulty, I assure you. I know the heart of England is with the United States, and I have found it to be so even beyond my expectation. The ovations given me, or rather my flag, show how warmly the two countries are one at heart."

"Have you had a single interruption?"

"Not one."

"I suppose you find the working classes intensely devoted to the flag?"

Sergeant Bates.—"I find all classes; but since you mention the working classes, let me say not only how devoted they are, but what has struck me most is the enthusiasm of the women—their wives and daughters; they are by far the most enthusiastic of the many friends of the Union."

"The young men, too," said Mr. Bates, "are full of fealty to the flag. Yesterday a young man put out a Union Jack, to which I uncovered, and gave the national salute. He then rushed out, and wouldn't let me go till he had crowned my flag-staff with laurel."

(The Sergeant's flagstaff is still crowned with this laurel, of which he is very proud.)

"I cannot better, sir, said the Sergeant, "de-

scribe to you the feeling in which I travel this country than by showing you some lines written, and dedicated to me, by Captain Mayne Reid, with reference to my tour through the Southern States, of which you doubtless have heard, and which exactly convey the spirit of conciliation and feeling I entertain." The Sergeant then went for and showed me this poem, of which I took a copy :—

(Here follows the poem already inserted in Chapter II. of this volume.)

"How were you received in the Southern States, Sergeant?"

"With heartiest welcome. I started from Vicksburg, the stronghold of Secessia, and I arrived there," said the Sergeant good-humouredly, "in the humblest garments possible. I had an old slouched hat, dilapidated blue overalls, no vest, check shirt, stogey boots (plough boots), and any landlord might well have refused me a night's lodging. The people of Vicksburg didn't let me take even a sock or a pocket-handkerchief of my own away with me. They gave me a splendid outfit, as costly as money could buy. The ladies, all of whom had made flags for the Southern Confederacy, presented me with a magnificent Union flag of their own workmanship. Here is my carte, taken in the dress presented me by my Southern brethren."

The Sergeant here showed me his carte. The likeness is a remarkably good one. He stands

with the Stars and Stripes in his hand, big cavalry boots, sash, and cap, with plume and silver star.

"The tunic cost a hundred dollars," said the Sergeant. "This sash was presented me by the ladies of Montgomery, Alabama."

It is of pink silk, and heavily ornamented with gold.

"What of this rosette you wear in your breast in the *carte*?"

"That I got from the 7th Marylanders, who were known as the Archer Zouaves."

"That, I suppose, you prize very much, as 'My Maryland, my Maryland!' was for a while the battle-song of the South. What a glorious victory to carry away such a trophy of peace from Baltimore. I had rather have marched with you, Sergeant, from Vicksburg to the sea, than with Sherman through Georgia. In your case, how well is it illustrated that 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war!' How do you proceed now?"

"Well, to Warwick to-morrow, rest there on Sunday, then to Banbury. Then I go to Oxford from Banbury. I have been told again and again," said the Sergeant, "that Oxford is a place where I am likely to be teased. I don't believe it. I know the Oxford students are gentlemen."

"Oxford is the temple of Toryism, Sergeant; but to a man the Oxford students reverence pluck such as yours, irrespective altogether of creed, or politics, or country."

"How about London?"

"I enter there on horseback. I am more chary of entering it than anywhere."

"Depend upon it, you'll have such an ovation there as you have never had before. We have many most ardent lovers of America in London."

We then had some talk of Missouri and Illinois, and the States and the recent election.

Mr. Bates told me Greeley had sent for him after his tour through the South, and he spoke with much warm sympathy for the *Tribune* editor under the severe infliction of the loss of Mrs. Greeley, her death occurring so close on her husband's defeat for the Presidential chair.

Before leaving, I asked the Sergeant for his autograph, which he gave me, as follows:—

"Sergeant GILBERT H. BATES,
Bearer of the Flag from Vicksburgh to Wash-
ton, and through the *Mother Country*."

"Mother country," said I. "Sergeant, *that* is the true word. I am glad you underline it."

"Yes, *that is* the true word," he rejoined.

The Sergeant received many offers of silk flags in the States, but, true to his martial instincts, he prefers to carry the good old regulation flag, which is six feet by six feet and a half, and the staff is nine feet four inches long. The staff is tipped with brass at both ends, crowned with the laurel he got yesterday, and is of considerable weight. It will be an heir-

loom in his family when he returns, and of value as the first star-spangled banner carried through England, and the one which England welcomed with genuine homage. Only the other month the British Grenadier Guards were playing "God Save the Queen" on the streets of Boston amid loud hurrahs, and such evidences of good feeling as these friendly visits evoke do more than a thousand speeches of public men can accomplish in showing how closely intertwined are the affections of the masses of the people of both countries.

That evening I had a continued succession of visits from well-wishers. I attended Day's Crystal Palace Concert Hall, where National flags were exhibited, and a raised dais provided for myself and party. Mr. Alfred Vivian, a well-known comic singer, in the course of one of his topical songs, known as "Take my Tip," sang the following additional verse, of his own composition, amid great applause, which I insert here at his request :

The Alabama Claims are
Settled now at last,
And England with America
In friendship's bond is fast.
Here's Sergeant Bates, our gallant friend,
Who's going to show the world
No Englishman will e'er insult
The Yankee Flag unfurl'd.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM BIRMINGHAM TO WARWICK.

Crowd at leaving.—Procession headed by an old *Alabama* Sailor.—Two young Volunteers.—“Would that my Boy could see his poor old Father following the Flag.”—The Stars and Stripes floating from “The Stocks.”—Visit to Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon.—Warwick Church Chimes.

I LEFT Birmingham on Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, accompanied by a crowd of the townspeople, who followed me some miles out of the town. I had again to do a vast deal of hand-shaking. Several women insisted on embracing me, and one old lady hugged me so unmercifully, that she, I, and the flag were nearly sprawling in the mud. One workman, an enthusiastic man of forty years or so, headed the procession, running along bareheaded, without his coat, and in a perfect frenzy of excitement. He shook hands with me nearly every five minutes. Anxious to fathom such an extraordinary impulse of joy, I questioned him as to his antecedents, and when giving me his name, he said, “Lord bless you, I served in the *Alabama*, and glad I am to greet the Stars and Stripes!” The poor fellow seemed to think he was atoning for past transgressions, and certainly he chose a very happy mode of ridding himself of the stigma of having fought against the Union.

A little farther on the way, I met the Reverend

Canon Wilkinson, the Rector of Birmingham, who doffed his hat gracefully, I returning the salute. Near Lee's Needle Works, several of the workmen ran out and presented me with a parcel of needles, still warm and half-finished, as mementoes of themselves and their workmanship. An old Irishman, of eighty years, standing at the end of one of the green lanes, just where it met the road, took off his hat and blessed the day that he had seen the American flag carried by an American soldier in England. Two ladies drove up and said they had come a long way to see the flag. I stopped and explained to them, as best I could, the symbolism of the stars and stripes. Two little boys from Birmingham begged me to let them accompany the flag home to the States, and swore they would fight very valiantly for it should occasion ever arise. A dog-cart drove up to me at Acock's Green, and Mr. Watkins, a tavern proprietor in Birmingham, dismounted and begged me, as a favour, to take a letter he had written and post it on my return in New York for his son, who is in the American Army, and is now stationed at Fort Benton, in Montana—a military station in the Far West. He said, with tears in his eyes, "Would that my boy could see his poor old father following the flag. God bless you, Sergeant, for bringing it!" He accompanied me all the way to Warwick—twenty-two miles. He regretted that I could not accept a friendly lift in his machine; and several times, in the fulness of his heart, offered me his purse, and

bade me consider his little store of wealth at my service.

Half-way to Warwick we were met by Paynton Pigott, Esq., nephew of Baron Pigott, along with another friend, who, after saluting me, drove on to the next village and ordered luncheon, where, on our arrival, amid a crowd of assembled villagers, some happy speeches were made, full of complimentary allusions to the United States. In a field near the village there stood one of those old instruments of punishment, "The Stocks." I left the wayside, and after inspecting the queer old article for some time, I stuck my flagstaff a-top of it, and gave the folds of the banner of liberty to the breeze. Is there no poet to commemorate the incident in song? I have been deluged all along the route with doggerel verses on less worthy themes from rhymers, who, in most cases, accompany their verses with polite requests that I should procure insertion of their verses in the *New York Herald*.

I reached Warwick that evening, and was met on the borders of the town by a fine old English military officer, Captain Bannister, who expressed the liveliest feelings of interest in the progress of the flag. Warwick itself turned out to welcome me, and on my arrival at the "Warwick Arms" I found several parties awaiting me. Amongst others were Captain Vaughton, Captain Bannister, Mr. Glover, Mr. Ivens, and Mr. Knight. Mr. Baldwin, the proprietor of the "Warwick Arms,"

at once bade me consider his house my home, and treated me with a hospitality for which I suppose English landlords are proverbial. He played "mine host" to perfection, saying to me; "that every possible respect to the American flag was due from him, as so many Americans honoured him with their patronage," and when I left he would not take a cent.

Leamington, which is some two miles from Warwick, had a circus exhibition that evening, the proprietors of which, the Messrs. Jennet, telegraphed me for the honour of my patronage. Anxious always to foster as much good feeling as possible, and to show my countrymen that the flag was not stealthily carried through the country, I telegraphed the Messrs. Jennet that I would come after tea. Mr. Baldwin then drove me and party to the circus at Leamington, where we had an ovation on entering. National airs were played, and the clowns did their best to weave Yankee witticisms into the texture of their ordinary "raillery of the ring." I was obliged to make a short speech to the audience. On leaving, several of the townsfolks of Leamington pressed me to come through Leamington on my way to Banbury, and I consented.

On Sunday I visited Warwick Castle, accompanied by Mr. Baldwin, where I saw the helmet which Cromwell wore, a plaster cast of his countenance, taken after death, and a celebrated portrait of the great King-unmaker. I saw also

the portraits of Charles I., Ignatius Loyola, Mrs. Siddons, Queen Elizabeth, and others.

At midday I drove to Stratford-on-Avon, and visited the house where Shakspeare first saw the light. I uncovered at the threshold of the home of the immortal bard. I felt that I was on one of the most sacred spots in the world, one hallowed by the associations which cluster around the greatest mind the world has ever known. I remembered how that, in Booth's Theatre, New York, perhaps the finest dramatic temple we have in America, we have placed Shakspeare's bust high overhead, as incomparably the greatest dramatist. We built the temple, but we have come to England, our mother country, for the poet whose bust adorns it, and for the plays which most do honour it. I had seen Booth in "Hamlet," and now I was in the house where the creator of "Hamlet" was born. I had seen that glorious Republican play "Julius Cæsar" on the boards in New York, and here was the home of the author of Mark Antony's address.

Mrs. Hathaway, the obliging keeper of the house, admitted me to the museum, although it is contrary to the regulations of the house to do so on Sunday, and she honoured my country by stating that the only other occasion where she had done so was on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Brazil, and, said she, naively, "*he asked permission.*" This good lady also presented me with a wreath of holly, and also a few sprigs

of "Rosemary, for remembrance," and "Rue, herb o' grace o' Sundays." We then drove to the church where the poet is buried, and also inspected the register of his birth and death.

At the "Red Lion Hotel" we were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lowry. The Mayor (Mr. W. Stephenson), along with Alderman Walker, Councillors Loggin, Bird, and Newton, and Messrs. Thomas, Norris, and Leaver, joined me at luncheon, and again we had congratulatory speeches, overflowing with compliments to the United States, and full of hope that England and America should day by day become more and more united. A lady, pointing to the wreath of holly I carried in my hand, said to me in the words of Shakspeare himself,

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace."

It was the best speech I heard in Stratford-on-Avon, and I hope I won't forget it, nor fail to profit by it.

We returned to the "Warwick Arms" by Alveston and Charlecote, and saw the parks where in early days the poet was caught deer-stealing. The chimes of Warwick Church struck me as very beautiful. In the evening we heard the beautiful Easter Hymn played, and in the morning, about five o'clock, I was wakened by their chiming out "God save the Queen." My eye fell at the time on the star-spangled banner, which rested in a corner of my bedroom, and

thinking of the two countries, America and England, and wishing for their continued prosperity, I very fervently uttered, Amen !

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM WARWICK TO BANBURY.

Presentation at Leamington by Mr. Crich.—"Sergeant, I am from the State of Peru."—Southam.—Arrival at "White Lion," Banbury.
—Mr. Cadbury's Presentation.

FROM Warwick, on Monday morning, November 26th, I set out for Leamington. On entering that beautiful town, I was met by Mr. Barter White, the talented and amiable assistant editor of the *Leamington Courier*, who escorted me amid a considerable crowd down the Parade to the shop of Mr. Charles Crich, jeweller, over whose shop were the "Union Jack," and "Stars and Stripes," gracefully enfolded. Mr. Crich welcomed me in and presented me with an address and a silver Maltese Cross, inscribed "Presented to Sergeant Bates (U. S. A.), as a memento of his visit with the Flag of his Country to the Queen of English Watering-places." Mr. Crich spoke to the following effect:—

"Sergeant Bates,—In asking you to stay a moment and kindly accept the hospitality of a

very humble individual, allow me to affix to your button-hole a slight memento of your visit to the Queen of English Watering-places—Leamington. From the day you landed upon what you will, I trust, henceforth consider our hospitable shores, to the time when you reach your journey's end, you will pass through no 'fairer country,' no cleaner or better-regulated town, than this. We, sir, who are residents here, see with pleasure almost daily the pilgrims who make Leamington their resting-place, when they come from your mighty continent to tread the soil of the old land, and pay homage to the memory of the Immortal Bard of Avon, at Stratford, to visit the historic ruins of Kenilworth, or inspect the priceless art-treasures in Warwick Castle. We acknowledge, sir, the kindly feelings that invariably accompany the visits of the denizens of the New World to the haunts and homes of their fathers of the Old World. We desire to reciprocate those kindly feelings. We desire to show you, sir, as one of the representatives of that great and mighty continent, that we look upon you as a brother—that we wish to cement our love of country with yours, to draw closer the ties which bind together the two nations; and to make you, sir, and your countrymen feel, as we feel, that men who speak the same language, and who spring from the same fountain of life, ought not to—must not—quarrel, but that the dearest interests of both are centred in the welfare one of the other. May, sir, this little cross, in the first

place, bear testimony to my individual opinion of your patriotic march ; may it show you that I represent a unit of the millions of this great country, whose fervent prayer is as mine, for the prosperity of the Old Land and the New ; and, sir, may it show you, and the great country you represent, that in the 'very centre' of Her Most Gracious Majesty's dominions there exists a spot, small yet beautiful, the Royal Spa of Leamington, the very Queen of this sea-girt Isle, that welcomes with pleasure Sergeant Bates, that acknowledges his mission, and that bids him join in their prayer—

Now pray we for each country,
That ever they may be
The holy and the happy,
The gloriously free."

On behalf of several working men, Mr. Barter White presented me with the following address :—

"Sergeant Bates.—Sir,—We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us of welcoming you to this town as a citizen and soldier of the United States and the bearer of the flag of that great nation. We salute that flag not simply because we appreciate the patronage which your countrymen have conferred on Leamington, but because of the friendly sentiments which have so long subsisted between the two countries. Descended from a common stock, speaking the same tongue, fired by the same patriotism, and having so many interests in common, England and the

United States should be indissolubly linked together in the bonds of friendship and concord. The 'heart' of the mother country beats warmly for her children who have founded homes on those distant shores washed by the Pacific, Atlantic, and Arctic Oceans. God forbid that the day should come when the Union Jack, and the Stars and Stripes, can no longer float side by side. We admire your affection for your country's flag. Like many other patriots, you have borne that star-spangled banner—the soldier's pride and hero's shroud—through scenes of strife and blood. To-day you are carrying it through peaceful England, and here, as everywhere, it is saluted with respect and regard, because it has gathered within its folds so many millions of our own kith and kin, whose pluck and energy have made the plain a city, and the desert a garden. We are sure that when you have finished your tour, you will carry back with you to the New World the most convincing proofs of the good feeling of this country towards the United States, and in no place is that sentiment more sincere than in Leamington, the Queen of English inland watering-places. We therefore accord you a most friendly welcome, and assure you of our best wishes for the great and glorious country whose flag you bear."

A short way out of Leamington I was met by an Irishwoman, who exclaimed, "Let me touch the dear ould flag of Ameriky. Ah, me boy, how

I wish it was Limerick city you and the flag were in this minit." Then, as she muttered something in old Irish which was unintelligible to me, I asked her to give me the English of it, which she did by telling me that she had just been imploring "seven thousand blessings on the standard and myself."

"Three cheers for the Republic!" cried one bustling little workman in the Upper Parade, Leamington.

At the foot of Bath Street, an old Pensioner exchanged military salutes with me.

A native of Texas, who had fought under Dick Morgan, rushed up and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, "he liked to see the old flag, and hoped that its visit would make Englishmen hereafter look on it kindly as the offspring of their own Union Jack."

One individual, evidently overcome by the sight of the flag, came forward, and after kissing it with much apparently irrepressible emotion, said, "Sergeant, I am from the State of Peru. It does my heart good to see the flag again." This was the best bit of bogus sentiment I met on the whole march.

When we had reached the outskirts of the town, Mr. Barter White addressed the crowd, and asked them for three cheers, which were right heartily given. He said, "The Sergeant has carried that flag through scenes of peril in his own country, and it is now his pleasant task to carry it through

scenes of peace, and amid the favouring applause of Englishmen in our own beloved country. We bid him God speed. His flag is the flag of a great nation, and we must ever remember, that we citizens of Leamington are peculiarly indebted 'to America. I trust the flags of England and America may ever wave together ; so long as they are united, the two nations may defy the world."

I arrived at Southam at half-past twelve that day.

"Are you a good Conservative?" says one old fellow to me, who was dressed in a sort of fox-hunter's suit. "I belong to no party in English politics," said I. "Indeed, I do not know the one from the other. I have come here as a friend to meet friends. In my own country I am a democrat ; but you are likely to know as much about our parties in the States as I am to know aught of yours."

From Southam to Banbury I encountered a fearful storm of wind and rain. Some poor moneyless people were tramping to Portsmouth, and with them we sought shelter for a while in a small wayside hostelry, and lunched on bread and cheese. One or two of them had seen better days, and the tale of poverty told by one of them was very harrowing, showing how, even in England, rolling in wealth as it is, there are depths of poverty beyond the ken of those whose tables are laden richly every day.

About two miles from Banbury I met Mr.

Richard Miller, of 61, Parsons Street, in that town, who gave me a very hearty greeting. As I entered the town, I was met by a great crowd, mainly composed of boys and young men, who escorted me with much cheering to the "White Lion," Mr. Page's, where I rested for the night. In the evening the leading citizens called, and we had some intelligent talk over the political institutions of both countries, the faults and virtues of both nations being freely commented on. Sergeant Dickson, of the 3rd Oxon, a Rifleman of thirteen years standing, and who laid the foundation of the present Banbury Cross, proposed my health in the course of the evening in the following speech :—

Sergeant Dickson.—"It gives me great pleasure, Sergeant Bates, to meet you and your flag in England, and I propose as a toast, your health, and the continued and never-ceasing union of the two countries. The two countries have brothers, sisters, and relatives scattered over both. May the two flags never be seen in opposition." (Great cheering.)

Mr. James Cadbury, of Banbury, one of the kindest of men, and a member of the Society of Friends, called on me and congratulated me on the mission of peace I was so successfully fulfilling. He wished to drive me to Blenheim, which I reluctantly declined, as I had timed myself to

reach Oxford by a given hour next day. Noticing that I took some interest in the old town of Banbury, and especially as to the nursery legend of the old lady and the white horse, he procured for and presented to me a valuable copy of a work which is now a very rare one, viz., "Beesley's History of Banbury." It bears this inscription, autograph of the donor :—

SERGEANT BATES,
of the U.S.A.

From

JAMES CADBURY,
Banbury,

26th of 11th month, 1872.

A Memento of passing through Banbury
with the
American Flag.

Mr. Cadbury, I discovered, was a brother-in-law of that eminent apostle of peace, Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, whose memory is held dear by so many of my countrymen for that noble act of disinterested love which led him to visit the Emperor of Russia, and intercede for peace before the outbreak of the Crimean war. Mr. Cadbury, although it was against his wish that I should ever allude to it, paid all my expenses at Banbury. The recognition of my country's flag by such a man seemed to me to invest my mission with a still greater dignity than any it had yet attained.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BANBURY TO OXFORD.

Deddington.—Irish Gratitude.—Woodstock Deputation “liquoring up.”—First Meeting with Oxonians.

ON Tuesday, the 26th of November, I left Banbury for Oxford, my colours flying and the crowds huzzaing. At Adderbury, there were cheers for “Brother Jonathan” from the villagers. Crowds of little children saluted me with calls from toy posthorns as I passed along.

Beyond this village a little way, an old man who was trudging towards Oxford asked me where my theodolite was, saying he had often travelled with survey parties. He was all unconscious of the fact that he was viewing the first star-spangled banner that had been carried a-foot through England.

Near Deddington, I was met by a mounted messenger, who presented me with a letter from C. Duffell Faulkner, Esq., Coroner for North Oxford, kindly offering to drive me through the village of Deddington. Wishing to enter the village a-foot, I declined the kind request. An Irishman who accompanied me from Banbury got off some little joke here about the flag and a wake, which bit of Hibernian wit I am sorry I do not recollect.

Mr. Faulkner himself then met me as we entered the village, and amid cheers from the school children and villagers, we proceeded to his

where every possible kindness was shown to myself and those who were with me, the Irishman included. The Irishman whispered to me that Mr. Faulkner was one of the best-hearted English gentlemen he had ever seen, and then added, "Wouldn't England be a nice country if she had but about twelve such gentlemen as Mr. Faulkner in every town?" We next proceeded to the "Linkhorn Hotel," where a party of tradesmen started us on the journey.

At the junction, where the road leads off to Alton, an enthusiastic deputation from that town met us and beseeched us to visit their quaint old town, saying that it was too interesting a place to be neglected on so important an occasion as that of the march of the American Flag. Oxford was waiting for me at four o'clock, and I had to decline. We "packed up," however, and indulged in a few casual remarks and then saying farewell, I hied me to the world's city of learning.

A few miles from Oxford I was met by the first party of students I had yet encountered. They were both young gentlemen, hailing from New College, Oxford, and they saluted me kindly, and with the affable, graceful bearing of true English gentlemen.

"Sergeant, you surely never expected that the people of England were to fall on one man, did you?" said the younger of the two, merrily.

"I have come through England," I responded, "and only believing that my flag would not be

insulted, but feeling sure that Englishmen would show it such respect everywhere, that my countrymen would hail my coming as a step full of joyful hope for the future."

"Bravo, Sergeant!" said the other.

On the way, we passed students on foot, on horseback and in barouches, all of whom received me with much good feeling, and with cries of "Bravo Bates!"

CHAPTER XV.

OXFORD.

Beauty of the City.—Enter mid Cheers from Town and Gown.—~~Recep-~~
tion at the "Roebuck."—Sentiment of a Balliol Man.—Supper at
University.—A Word to the Students.

SOME two miles from Oxford, I was struck with the beauty of its towers and spires, and enchanted with the melody of its evening chimes. The high dome of the Radcliffe Library, the tower of Magdalen, and the College spires, set as they are in such a sweet surrounding of sylvan scenery, form a landscape which must charm any stranger, and which had peculiar interest for me, accustomed so much to the wild western prairies, where ancient buildings are unknown, and where wooden-frame houses are the order of the day.

Entering Oxford, the Town and Gown vied with each other in giving me welcome. All sorts of folks were at my heels. Little boys in broadcloth, who told me they belonged to Mr. Brown's school, "and a jolly good school it is," said one. Street Arabs fresh from the gutter, dirty, but in ecstasies of delight, ran shouting at my heels. Collège Dons, exquisitely attired and mounted on prancing chargers, trotted alongside. Students in blue and white flannel boating suits, and others in the solemn-looking square cap and black gown, surrounded me. I reached the "Roebuck" without hearing a single jibe or jeer, or expression of dissent of any kind. "Grand old Oxford," said I, "I thought you respected the flag, and I have not been mistaken."

I had no sooner had dinner than invitations to wines, to dinners, to punch suppers, and breakfasts, began to pour in upon me. One of the first of the townsmen to call was Mr. Councillor Turner, a gentleman who has friends in America, and who is animated by the best and most genial feeling towards the United States.

Later in the evening, so soon as the students had dined, there was a rush to the reception-room of the "Roebuck," a magnificent drawing-room, where I had to hold a levée and receive the congratulations of some of those who in future days are to guide the thoughts and actions of the great country whose intellectual centre Oxford is. Not only did men come whose countenances were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and whose appear-

ance spoke of weary poring over musty volumes at the midnight hour ; but big, swarthy, muscular fellows, the Kings of the River and the Cricket Field, came to my levée and remained with me during the evening. Some of these were vastly more interested in the number of miles I could walk in an hour than in anything else. One of them was so good as to say that as an athlete, even Oxford would not be ashamed of me. Another man inquired anxiously after the present position of Buffalo hunting. Others expressed themselves as pleased with the novelty of my undertaking, and the evident good it was accomplishing. "I have been in your country, Sergeant," said one young fellow, "and I think Chicago a magnificent town."

Champagne was afterwards kept flowing by these mirthful and hilarious students, regardless of expense.

"I have a toast, gentlemen," said Mr. Rhys, of Balliol. "May the Stars never shine with less lustre, nor the Bars ever grow shorter."

"Bravo! Bravo!" every one replied.

"Drink it with 'Varsity honors," said another.

Hereupon they all joined in chorus, singing :

" It's a way they have in the Army,
It's a way they have in the Navy,
It's a way we have in the 'Varsity
To drive dull care away."

The rafters of the "Roebuck" rang with the cheering.

Mr. Banks, M.A., of Worcester College, one of the best oars in the 'Varsity, proposed my health in a neat little speech.

Later in the evening, I supped in University College, and next morning I breakfasted at Trinity College.

At eleven o'clock I set out for High Wycombe, mid a repetition of the same cheering which welcomed me the previous evening.

I passed over Shottover Hill, from which I looked back with lingering regret on a city which is scarcely equalled anywhere for its architectural beauty, and which, perhaps, contains the finest young men in the world. Again I thank Oxford for its generous reception of myself and my country's flag. May its students study to promote those great principles of international amity, which rightly understood and acted on, are bound to foster an everlasting concord, not only between our two English-speaking countries, but between the nations of the world. As a soldier, I devoutly pray for such a consummation. As students, they can make it their aim and purpose to promote peace between man and man and nation and nation. They and I shall not have met in vain if we thenceforth remember our happy meeting as an incentive to such a great and glorious end.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM OXFORD TO UXBRIDGE.

Stoken Church.—Rustic Lever.—High Wycombe.—Beaconsfield.—
Reach Uxbridge and am Barricaded.

ON my way to High Wycombe, I passed through a very pleasant country, diversified with woodland glades, and hill and dale. At one pretty spot, just where the road winds over the hill to Stoken Church, I met the accomplished lady of Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Manchester, the proprietor of Aston Rowant, who kindly explained to me many interesting features of the landscape. Aston Rowant was close by, a pretty mansion, picturesquely set amid beech groves.

I arrived at Stoken Church at six, and as I had no wish to carry the flag during night, I rested at a pleasant little hostelry, the "Red Lion," where I was interviewed all night long by rustics from the neighbourhood—good-souled fellows all of them, and most of them beech-cutters. "It is the hardest work in England," said one of them to me.

During the evening at Stoken Church, I was visited by a fine manly fellow, a sailor, Blackmore by name, who had lost both arms at sea, in an explosion on board a man-of-war. He drank my health, I standing alongside holding the glass to his lips. He was full of good humour, and had a

rich, deep, hearty voice, the full tones of which were heard to advantage when he sang the song—

“ It’s a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That’s breathed in the words, I’m an Englishman.”

He was proud of his country, and deserves well of it.

A Scotchman, Mr. M. Grierson, a travelling tea merchant, also joined our party that evening, and kept us all much amused by his queer old Scotch stories and merry songs. One song I remember very well he sang with great gusto—

“ We are nae fou, there’s just a drappie in our e’e.”

It is a song of Burns’, I believe.

Next morning I set out for High Wycombe, accompanied on the way by flocks of queer little boys, dressed in smock frocks, and who I am satisfied had not the remotest conception of what the “ flag carrying ” meant. Perhaps some older boys plead the same ignorance ; but the facts disclosed in this volume must be the answer to all who have cavilled at my procedure.

High Wycombe I found a bustling little town. I took particular interest in viewing the beautiful Mansion House of Beaconsfield, the home of Benjamin Disraeli, whose fame as a novelist in the States is even greater than his wide renown there as a Statesman. Alas! from that happy home, in a few days, was to be borne to her last resting place, the wife of Mr. Disraeli, the Countess Beaconsfield,

A little furthur on this road toward Uxbridge, I saw a mansion which had formerly been occupied by my very dear friend, Captain Mayne Reid.

I reached Uxbridge at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon. A band of itinerant musicians on one of the side-walks struck up "Yankee Doodle" so soon as my flag appeared, and I marched to the "Chequers Inn" to the strains of this music, and with a goodly number of followers. In the evening the crowd was so great that I had to be barricaded. The outer door of the hotel was shut, and one of the waiters went on guard. Detachments of visitors were let in to see me, shake hands, make speeches, and then pass out, so that others might follow suit.

During the evening, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of Mr. Brunton, the well-known caricaturist, whose clever cartoons in *Fun* afford amusement to my own countrymen, as well as to all lovers of genuine art. Another gentleman of the highest rank as a caricaturist, Mr. Sambourne, whose pictures in *Punch* have since been pointed out to me, also did me the honour to attend my levée, and manifested the deepest interest in the incidents of my march. This latter gentleman met me again in the course of my journey, and introduced me to one of the finest specimens of a terrier I have ever seen. The little animal was, as its owner pronounced it, a "beauty." Several soldiers also called and paid their respects to myself and flag, and we had also in the course of the evening the usual round of songs, sentiments, and speeches,

CHAPTER XVII.

TO SHEPHERD'S BUSH, AND INCIDENTS BY
THE WAY.

A Motley Regiment.—"Bones" and the Banjo Solist.—The travelling Fishmonger.—School Girls carry the Flag.—The Mother of an American Soldier "God bless the day, Sergeant, that brought you here!"—A Free-Trade Bricklayer.—An Adherent of "Citizen" Dilke.—A Jolly old Tar.—"Blood's thicker than Water."

NEXT morning I set out for Shepherd's Bush. The crowd was very great. Indeed, I may say, that I now began to enter London, as from this point I was never without an extraordinary number of followers. Two very prominent individuals of my body-guard were a couple of boys, who tumbled somersaults before me, and went spinning along, heels over head, wheel-fashion, in a manner which would have done credit to the best professional acrobats in the country.


My followers were further augmented by the accession of an amateur "bones" and his companion, a banjo soloist. They were both as black as burnt cork could make them, and were as merry as the two mud-larks who pranced along to their music. The two professional niggers jabbered away, after the fashion of their tribe, about "Our Country." They seemed to enjoy the joke of claiming kinship with the flag. I enjoyed the joke, too, and felt pleased at the homage of these

"fifteenth amendments." A travelling fishmonger, in a donkey-cart, which was filled with varied fat specimens from the briny deep, also joined our motley regiment, and added to the variety of the march by now and again earnestly pressing me to accept a gigantic cod, which he held with difficulty over the side of the cart. The small boys enjoyed his fun immensely. The good fellow, when at last his business compelled him to leave the line of march, was heartily sorry that I could not, out of respect to the contents of my knapsack, pack a few fish in it, along with the other wares. One or two conveyances were now driving alongside. The owners of these carriages had come out to witness the American flag on its English travels, and they seemed to enter heartily into the general mirth and hilarity and good-feeling of the motley throng. Offers to give me a lift were plentiful. These, of course, I was compelled most respectfully to decline.

YOUNG LADIES SHOULDERING THE FLAG.

PASSING, through the village of Haines, I was met by a bevy of pretty boarding-school young ladies, who all of them saluted the American standard. Some of them spoke to me, and entered into interesting conversations about America. "To think that you have walked all the way from Scotland," said one of them, who hailed from that

country. "How tired you must be." "Allow me to carry the flag a little way for you," said another of the girls, who had pity on the severity of my self-imposed task. I at once gave her the standard, and I watched one of England's daughters carrying the flag of the United States on English soil, with a heart full of emotion. It seemed to me that this state of matters was just exactly what ought to be. I wish we had had some good painter to transfer the scene to canvas. In my enthusiasm for my mission, I regard such little incidents as these as historic in every sense of the term. They are episodes which might worthily adorn the walls of the National Capital at Washington. Why should they not even take their place among the frescoes of the House of Commons? I hope I am guilty of no silly egotism when I hope that some of these incidents will in future years appear to my brethren of both nations as something more than a piece of pretty romancing. There are many in England to-day, who are mere children, who will love the "Stars and Stripes" all the more heartily because they first saw the flag carried, amid much rejoicing, through the green lanes around their own English homesteads. To succeed, in however humble a way, in cementing or in assisting to cement the two greatest nations of the world in unity and peace, is a work which at this hour is, to my mind, one of the noblest which any human being can attempt to accomplish. And I have tried to accomplish it, and abundant



success has followed the attempt. But to my narrative.

AFFECTING INCIDENT WITH THE AGED MOTHER
OF AN ENGLISHMAN WHO DIED FIGHTING
FOR THE UNION.

ONE old woman tottered up to me from a small wayside house. Leaning on her staff, her thin, weak voice tremulous with emotion, she cried,—

“Are you the bearer of the American flag?”

“I am, madam,” I replied, uncovering and bowing respectfully.

“Come to me, then,” she said. “Let me touch the flag and give my blessing to the bearer. My poor boy, Sergeant, my youngest boy, fought for that flag, and died for it in your country. He fell with that flag in his hand.”

She could not proceed. Her voice was choked with emotion, and for a few moments she gave way to bitter grief as the sight of the American flag recalled so vividly to her the incidents of her son's death.

“God bless the day, Sergeant, that brought you here, an American soldier, to pass my home carrying the flag of the country where my poor boy lies.”

She asked me to have some luncheon, and by the fireside of her little cot I had a bit of cheese and bread and a glass of ale, and inspected a few

trinkets and relics of the loved one who was first in her affections and uppermost in her memory.

"And is it a great country, yours?" she asked me.

"Yes, madam, in my opinion, the greatest in the world.

"And every man is free, and may do well if he chooses?"

"Yes, madam ; that is so."

"Well, then, my grandchildren, two boys and a girl—bless their little hearts, they do write me sometimes—may do well?"

"Yes, madam, I believe they will do well. There is grand scope for young folks with us. Why, some of these fine days they'll be visiting you, perfect ladies and gentlemen. That is about the run of affairs in our country."

"God help them, Sergeant," she said, joyfully, "and God speed you on your way."

I then, out of honour to the home which a departed fellow soldier of the Union once called his own, saluted it military fashion with the flag. I could not refrain from tears, and taking the good lady's hand, and kissing her, I said Farewell, and thanked Heaven that it had brought me on such a blissful and joyous errand. It was something to have gladdened that poor old woman's heart. It was worth crossing ocean a thousand times, and braving the ridicule of a million cynics, to have stood one moment on the threshold of that lonely cot, flag in hand, before the aged mother of an

Englishman whose blood had been shed in defence of the Union. And here let me mention how many hundreds I have met in England whose homes sent out bright boys across the Atlantic to fall in the battle-fields of our country. In many an English home such names as Vicksburg, Manassas, and Richmond are familiar as household words. Should not this fact have its influence in drawing closer the bonds between the two countries, and make America feel that England had other and closer associations with the great Civil War than that arising from the unfortunate Alabama depredations.

AMUSING INTERVIEW WITH AN ANTI-
PROTECTIONIST.

As I was posting along, I was met by a sturdy Englishman, a bricklayer, who was on the tramp to somewhere in the neighbourhood of Oxford, to visit some friends. He was a good-humoured fellow, and a great admirer of the United States.

"Sergeant," says he, "you are a progressive people, you Americans, but you haven't got the length of Free Trade yet, and that is a difficulty that puzzles me more than any other feature of your country."

I explained to him that there was a large and growing party in the United States favourable to the abolition of a protective tariff.

"Well, Sergeant," he rejoined, "I expect to be

an American citizen myself one of these days, and as sure as my name's Smith I'll go in for Free Trade and no monopoly."

"I told him ours was a free country, where all were welcome to state their opinions, and none liked better, by the nation, than those who were most honest and outspoken in the expression of their sentiments.

He slapped me on the back heartily, and said,—

"That's right, Sergeant. Them's my sentiments. Look out for me when I cross the ferry. My name's Smith."

Perhaps this little volume may help my countrymen, as well as myself, to watch with the greater interest the advent of Friend Smith on his crusade against the American Protective Tariff. It may be we need enlightenment on the subject. If Smith can teach us a little political economy successfully, I am sure we won't be above taking the lesson, even although it should be an attempt, at a late period of the day, to take a leaf out of the book of Dame Britannia.

WELCOMED BY AN ADHERENT OF SIR CHARLES
DILKE.

"HILLOA, Sergeant! cried one fellow emerging from behind a hedge, to me. "Are you going to London with that flag?"

"I am."

"Well, give us your hand, old pal; you're a regular

brick, you are. Why, bless you, there's thousands of us a been a hungerin' and thirstin' for your coming for a whole week. We're all Republicans in London, every one of us. We'll give you such a welcome, too. Lor' bless you, you've heard of Mr. Odger, have you not? and Sir Charles Dilke—Citizen Dilke, I calls him? He's a genuine brick, I assure you. He's been all over the world, Dilke has, and knows a deal, and he is a downright regular out-and-outer of a Republican. I shouldn't wonder but he'll ride in after you through the streets of London. It's no more nor he ought to—the jolly old brick that he is."

I told him I had read Sir Charles Dilke's book, "Greater Britain," and had enjoyed it immensely. This pleased my enthusiastic Republican friend, and after filling my pipe from his tobacco-pouch, we parted, he crying, "Cheers for the land of liberty!"

LUDICROUS INCREDULITY.

A LITTLE farther on my way, an exquisitely-dressed gentleman on horseback drew up.

"Good morning, Sergeant."

"Good morning," I answered.

"Now really, Sergeant, you don't mean to say you have walked all the way from Scotland?"

"Undoubtedly I have," I replied.

"All the way?"

"Yes; all the way."

"Come, now," he resumed, in the persuasive sort of

way adopted by lawyers when they have unwilling witnesses on hand who need coaxing,—“didn’t you just shirk ever so little a bit of the journey somewhere? Come, now,” he drawled out, “I *know* you did?”

I answered him he was mistaken, and I did so with emphasis.

But there was no beating him off the track, and he left me as incredulous as ever, saying,—

“Ah! Sergeant, wasn’t there just ever so little a bit shirked somewhere on the march?”

A SAILOR’S SALUTE.

“YO! HO! there, Sergeant Bates, heave to, my hearty,” cried a jolly sailor in Her Majesty’s uniform.

I stopped till he came up to me.

“What will you have to drink, Sergeant?”

“Well, I had rather not drink at all, if it is all the same to you.”

“Damme, it’s not all the same to me. I’m an old tar. I have been thirty years in the Navy. I have seen that flag you are carrying waving in all waters. Damme, it does look strange to see it here, right among the English fields and at my father’s door. Let’s ‘liquor-up,’ as you folks say, and we’ll drink to the better friendship of the two nations. Damme, you folks have made a devil of a row over that Alabama business, but, Sergeant, when you go home, you’ll tell them we’re not half

so bad as they've been painting us. There isn't a mother's son of us but loves Ameriky. You remember what your old Admiral Farragut said in Chinese waters, when he came to our help when them heathen attacked us,—‘*Blood's thicker than water.*’ Now, Sergeant, when you go back, tell the Yankees we all swear with old Farragut—God bless his memory!—that ‘BLOOD’S THICKER THAN WATER.’”

We liquored-up, my good sailor friend making another rough-and-ready speech, thundering with his right hand on the table, and repeating every few seconds the above sentiment of Farragut's.

A LITTLE STANDARD-BEARER.

“IS THAT the American flag?” said one bright little golden-haired girl in black, who came out to meet me.

“It is, my dear little pet,” I rejoined.

“Oh! then, I do so wish to touch it, if you will let me?”

“You may carry it, if you choose, my dear.”

“Oh! come here, Harry,” she cried to her little brother, who was standing in the shadow of the hedge by the wayside. “I am going to carry the American flag.”

And carry it she did, right bravely; stepping out with as much martial ardour as if she were indeed *la fille du régiment*.

When I took back the flag she eyed me

curiously, and then in a coy, coquettish sort of way said,—

“Sergeant, will you take a little present from me?”

“Surely, my little girl.”

“Well, then, I have no better present to give you, but here is my pocket-handkerchief, which perhaps you will take back to your country and keep for my sake. See, my initials are on it.”

“I shall do so; and I know my own little girls will regard it with much pleasure as a gift to their father from a little English girl.”

“Oh! give me your little girls’ address, will you? and I shall write them a letter, a long letter—ever so long a letter, and pa will post it for me.”

I gave the little thing my address, and I feel sure she will be as good as her word.

From Haines I marched to Hanwell. On entering that village I was met by Mr. Humphreys, of the *Morning Post*, who came out special to report my entry into Shepherd’s Bush. I found that Mr. Humphreys was the intimate friend of my fellow-countryman, the discoverer of Livingstone, Henry M. Stanley, and that they had been through the insurrectionary war in Spain together, as specials for their respective papers. Mr. Humphreys, who is a native of the Emerald Isle, and one of the most cultivated and genial of men, walked alongside of me all the way to Shepherd’s

Bush, and seemed heartily to enjoy the merriment and good humour of the motley crowd which attended me on the march.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LONDON PRESS ON MY ARRIVAL AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

The Morning Post, Telegraph, Daily News.

TO relieve my readers as much as I can from the monotony of my own narrative, as well as to supply my own countrymen as far as possible with the testimonies of the public Press to the character of my reception in England, I here insert the report of my entry into Shepherd's Bush as detailed next day in the leading London papers. First, let me take the *Morning Post*, whose special, as I have said, did me the honour to accompany me on foot from Hanwell.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE TOUR OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

"Yesterday, Colour-Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates, who has carried the American flag from Gretna Green through England, started in good time from Uxbridge and walked to Shepherd's Bush. Every-

where along the road he was greeted with demonstrations of the kindest feeling by those whom he encountered. As he neared London the numbers of those who came to greet him increased, and from Hanwell to Shepherd's Bush he may be said to have been accompanied by a crowd. As he entered Hanwell, at a few minutes before noon, he was met by a few of the inhabitants, who pressed him to drink. He refused with many thanks ; but his entertainers would not take no for an answer, and, despite his resistance, the gallant Sergeant and his flag were captured and borne in triumph into the "Viaduct Inn," where he was pledged in champagne. Resuming his march, he then proceeded up the hill till opposite the "Duke of York Tavern," whence floated an English ensign. The Sergeant halted and saluted the flag of the old country, after which, in response to the hospitable invitation of the landlord, Mr. James Bates, who, notwithstanding the similarity of name, is no relative of the Sergeant, he entered the house and partook of luncheon. In the space opposite the house the band of the London Central District Schools was drawn up and performed in honour of the stranger. After having lunched and quaffed a goblet to the mother country and, as he put it, "Our fathers and mothers in their English homesteads ; our honoured parents, the people of England," the Sergeant resumed his march, saluted by a parting cheer from the boys of the school, which was warmly echoed by the people, who had assem-

bled in large numbers. As he continued his route, bearing the flag displayed, numerous were the hearty exclamations of friendliness which came from all sides, and he had enough to do to hold his flag while responding to the numberless hearty hand-grips which were proffered him, and which, it is but justice to him to say, he cordially returned.

RECEPTION AT EALING.

AT the hotel at Ealing, the Stars and Stripes were hung out beside the Union Jack, and to each of those ensigns the Sergeant duly lowered his flag, first to the Union Jack and then to the Stars and Stripes. Here Mr. Richard Deane, representing the parochial authorities of Ealing, welcomed Sergeant Bates, and invited him to drink a glass of champagne, which he did in the house where the Rev. J. S. Hilliard and other prominent inhabitants of the parish had assembled. Mr. Deane proposed the lasting friendship of England and the United States ; Sergeant Bates thanked him and the people of Ealing for the kind reception they had given to him and to the American flag, saying that he owed the same debt of thanks to the whole people of England, who had everywhere greeted him with similar expressions of cordiality. He then begged to propose the health of that lady whose name was respected and beloved the whole world over, "Victoria, Queen of England." The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and Mr. Deane

then proposed the twice-elected "President of the States, Ulysses S. Grant." Shortly afterwards the march was resumed, and proceeded with interruptions in several places which it was found impossible to pass by without taking a glass of sherry. When opposite the "White Hart," at Acton, the landlord ran out of the house and across the road to hand the Sergeant a foaming tankard of ale, and between this village and Shepherd's Bush it was found necessary to slip into the "King's Arms" and the "Askew Arms." From a house close to the common, at the west end of Shepherd's Bush, floated a flag displaying the old English red cross of St. George, which was also duly saluted by the Stars and Stripes as its bearer passed by. Sergeant Bates had forwarded his baggage to the "Telegraph," in Shepherd's Bush, and this house displayed the American flag, while from a house opposite floated the English Union Jack. This was saluted in the first instance, and a salute having been then offered to the Stars and Stripes, the Sergeant then entered the house, where he took up his quarters for the evening. This was at a quarter-past 3 P.M. He remains at Shepherd's Bush till 11 A.M. this day, when he purposes starting for a walk to Guildhall by way of Oxford Street, Bond Street, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and by Cannon Street into Queen Street, and so to Guildhall, where he will finally salute the British flag and furl the Stars and Stripes. Sir John Bennett has

kindly promised to send his carriage to attend upon the Sergeant in his final progress, in order that he may make use of it should he find the crowds so great as to seriously impede his march.

Sergeant Bates is a man rather below the middle height, spare of frame, but sinewy and well knit. His face bears traces of exposure to the weather, but his bright dark eye gives evidence of pluck and determination. He wears the blue uniform of the American army, bearing on the sleeve the diamond-shaped stripes of his grade, and a wide-awake hat with the military emblem in front. He has done good service in the American war, and was appointed to the command of a corps of Scouts, known in the army as engaged in the brimstone service, from the continual exposure to the risks of shot and steel to which they were subject. His tour with the flag originated in a wager, which, however, was afterwards withdrawn, and he has now walked from Gretna Green to London, displaying the Stars and Stripes during the whole of his march, simply to prove that he had taken a correct view of the feeling of the English people—a view that was considered to be erroneous by a very large number of his countrymen. He states that his progress has been a continued ovation; in cities, towns, and villages the people have ever pressed on him with kindness and respect. Even in the Black Country he was cordially welcomed, and the miners kept men watching on the road to summon them from the pits in order to greet him

as he passed. He believes that a true narrative of the events of his march will go far to clear away the mistaken feeling that exists with respect to England in many minds beyond the Atlantic.

(From the *Daily Telegraph*.)

THE MARCH OF SERGEANT BATES.

To-day Colour-Sergeant Bates, of the American Army, will complete his march from the northern boundary of England to the heart of the metropolis. He finished the penultimate stage at three o'clock yesterday, having walked from Uxbridge to Shepherd's Bush, attended by a crowd which gathered all the way, and which, with an immense local accession of numbers, besieged the "Telegraph Hotel," a hundred yards or less from the Uxbridge Road Station of the Metropolitan District Railway. In one important respect Mr. Bates may, if it so please him, take his revenge of those English travellers in America who have attempted to satirise the character of our cousins across the Atlantic. Lionising on the smallest pretext has been represented as one of the prevailing habits of the American people. But it may well be questioned whether a lion was ever hunted so far, or by packs so keen, in any part of the United States, as this hitherto unknown visitor has been, throughout nearly three-fourths of the length of England. We shall probably see hundreds of thousands of Londoners lining five miles of thoroughfare, from

Shepherd's Bush to Guildhall, this day ; and only to see a wiry, determined-looking little man, in the trim dark-blue uniform of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment, carrying the unfurled flag of the United States Army. Sergeant Bates, leaving the "Telegraph Hotel" this forenoon at eleven o'clock, will reach his civic destination at two. His experience of marching through or in the neighbourhood of large and populous towns has been such as to induce him to allow ample time for this final tramp of five short miles. But, having fairly entered London, he will consider himself entitled in case of need to enter the carriage which Sir John Bennett, late Sheriff of London, has kindly placed at his disposal. The great impediment in his progress has been the enormous amount of hand-shaking he has had to get through ; and here again the tables might be turned on those thousands of Englishmen who have enjoyed a laugh at the supposed American stranger's byecustom of wringing the hand. Poor Martin Chuzzlewit, as we all remember, was made acquainted with every variety of hand-shaking, from the limp and languid to the powerful and pitiless, that crunches the carpal bones into the size and semblance of a duck's foot. This was in New York ; but Sergeant Bates has found out, long before reaching London, that the same practice in all its diversities of force and feebleness, of warmth and cold, obtains in this country quite as much as in his own.

The Sergeant is a smart, lithe-limbed, active man, of less than middle height, and with an exceedingly prepossessing visage, at once frank and shrewd. His account of the circumstances in which the singular adventure took its rise explains away much if not all of the vulgarity or "bunkum" that may at the first blush seem to invest the whole affair. Two minutes before he pledged himself to the undertaking, he says, the idea had never entered his mind. There was a rather animated talk among a party of his friends, on the subject of American and English reciprocity of feeling; and on the impulse of the moment Sergeant Bates declared his firm belief that the star-spangled banner of the United States could be carried through the mother country without the smallest risk of encountering contumely or affront. A wager of a thousand to a hundred dollars was hastily proposed by one of the company, and as hastily accepted by Sergeant Bates. He was, to use a familiar expression, "collared;" or, in his own words, he felt that his "back was down," and he must either pick up his flag and march or cave in ignominiously. This is the short and simple explanation of the business, except that the wager, by an afterthought very honourable to Sergeant Bates, has been annulled. His first pardonable fancy was to win the stakes for his family; but seeing the proportions the affair was likely to attain, he resolved on posting his hundred dollars and throwing up the bet, though his unshaken confidence in the certainty

of demonstrating his theory kept him to the practical fulfilment of the enterprise. Sergeant Bates is thirty-four years of age, is married, and has four children. He is a genuine American, being of an old colonist family, though his intonation of speech would hardly disclose the fact of his being Yankee-born. He fought in the Federal ranks during the civil war, and was a working man before he entered the army. As he is now a noted and even notable person, some curiosity as to his appearance may be general ; and we will, therefore, say, in addition to what has already been told on the subject, that this hero of the Stars and Stripes has features so characteristic and so pleasantly marked as to impress themselves lastingly on the memory of any one who sees them for ever so brief a time. A face rather long and thoughtful, with a compactly symmetrical forehead ; eyes somewhat deeply set, but large, and of a clear greyish blue ; finely marked eyebrows ; a firm, good-tempered mouth, well furnished with small and evenly-ranged teeth ; and a long, powerful chin, carry together the expression of a man whom one would expect to find directing his energy to some other work than this fantastic walking tour. The habit of clean shaving on the upper lip, as well as cheeks and chin, combined with the fashion of wearing his light brown hair very closely cut, gives the head of Sergeant Bates an accidental resemblance to more than one ecclesiastical portrait.

The increase in the number of his followers

began to be rather formidable towards the end of the journey: and he entered the suburb of Shepherd's Bush yesterday with hundreds who had trudged contentedly with him through the mud, from Uxbridge. Some of these faithful attendants, to say the truth, were not the best-favoured of the British public, and a less tolerant wayfarer than Sergeant Bates might have prayed rather petulantly to be saved from such friends. It was an impressively closing incident of yesterday's march that when the gallant Sergeant ordered a bath as soon as he entered the "Telegraph Hotel," the report of his having called for this unusual species of refreshment was regarded by the ragged regiment who had marched under his banner as the first sign of their leader's eccentricity of character.

(From the *Daily News*.)

SERGEANT BATES AND HIS MISSION.

The American Sergeant Bates, after carrying the Stars and Stripes from the border of England and Scotland through the country, arrived at the "Telegraph Hotel," Shepherd's Bush, yesterday afternoon, hale and fresh as on the day he started. To-day he purposes finishing his "mission," by covering up his banner about two o'clock, in front of Guildhall, and unless he experiences different treatment to any he has received on his march

hitherto, he will be able to boast—as he came expressly from America to be able to boast—that no insult had been offered to the standard of his country. The secret of Mr. Bates's novel project is enthusiasm. His own explanation of it is very simple. He belonged to a company of friends at Saybrook, U.S., the majority of whom held a very poor opinion of England's friendship, and in the course of their discussions, during which he always maintained that Englishmen had none of the hatred of Americans which the others swore by, he incidentally, as an illustration of the frequent injustice of public opinion, narrated how, immediately after the defeat of the Southern States, he walked from Vicksburg to Washington, a distance of 1,500 miles, bearing aloft the Union colours, to prove that the "Rebs." were, after all, not so bad as they were painted. His opponents in argument thereupon stoutly maintained that such a thing, though possible in America, would not be tolerated for an instant in England. The debate grew warm, and ended in a challenge, and a bet of 1,000 dollars to 100 dollars that he would not be permitted to carry the Stars and Stripes through England without insult and maltreatment. When it came to the test he felt inclined to withdraw from the agreement, never imagining it was seriously meant; but was at length pressed into undertaking a tour which some of his friends warned him might possibly have a serious termination for him. He was

assured that the Government of Great Britain would imprison him, and that in certain districts of England, his very life would not be safe. He, nevertheless, sailed from New York on the 19th of October, landed at Glasgow on the 1st of November, took train to Gretna Green, and, unfurling the Stars and Stripes on the border line, began his march on the 6th of November. Previously he had written to the gentleman—Mr. Warren, of Saybrook—who had been most prominent in holding him to the terms of the challenge, declaring that he waived the 1,000 dollars part of the business, and was content to carry out the task on purely patriotic motives. The distance he has walked he reckons to be 332 miles. Halting first at Carlisle, his various stages were Penrith, across the Fells to Shap, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Bolton, Manchester, Macclesfield, Burslem, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, Banbury, Oxford, Stokenchurch, Uxbridge, and Shepherd's Bush. There was no stipulation as to time, but, with the exception of Sundays, and an extra day at Manchester and Birmingham, Mr. Bates has pursued his march, day by day, performing an average of eighteen miles per day. The flag, which is mounted on a tall pole, weighs about a dozen pounds, and his knapsack is of the same burden. What Mr. Bates has done is therefore a capital feat of pedestrianism. His reception along the route has been of the warmest and most fraternal character. His recollections of Oxford especially,

where the University men gave him the most cordial welcome of all, and where he had been told in America his career would be summarily finished, are particularly pleasant. Mr. Bates was colour-sergeant of the United States Artillery, and it is the uniform of that branch of the service he wears. He is remarkably intelligent, modest, and gentlemanly in his demeanour—a good type, in short, of the well-educated young American. Crowds surrounded the hotel at Shepherd's Bush yesterday evening, cheering him as often as he could be induced to leave his room to shake hands with some more than usually importunate deputation. The appearance of the Stars and Stripes over the window of his room was hailed with general acclamation. The Sergeant will reach Guildhall by way of Oxford Street, Bond Street, Pall Mall, Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside.

(From the same paper, of same date.)

A correspondent, marching with Sergeant Bates, writes :—"He left Uxbridge yesterday morning at half-past nine, and proceeded towards Shepherd's Bush, which he reached shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon. Passing Hayes several young ladies, members of a boarding-school there, were introduced to him, one or two of them, with much spirit, relieving him by carrying the standard a short way amid the cheers of the bystanders. At Hanwell, he and his party were entertained at luncheon by Mr. Bates, of the

'Duke of York Tavern.' The children of the South London District School, with their band, were marshalled in front of the tavern, and played 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' Shortly after leaving he was carried perforce by some workmen into a public-house and treated to champagne—the Sergeant laughingly remarking that he and his flag had been captured at last. As they neared Shepherd's Bush, great crowds gathered and cheered him lustily, a number of people falling into line behind him, singing 'John Brown.' An individual of Republican tendencies sang 'We'll hang John Bull on a sour apple tree,' and when he concluded Mr. Bates said the vocalist would oblige him if he would now sing the same song, substituting 'Jonathan' for 'John Bull,' which was done. He put up at the 'Telegraph Hotel,' where he held a levée in the course of the evening, all classes coming and welcoming him to England. Sergeant Bates will put up at the Langham Hotel during his stay in London, and to-night he dines at the Savage Club. The wager originally connected with Mr. Bates's expedition was formally departed from by the Sergeant before he entered England."

(From a Leader in the *Daily News* on the morning of my entry into London.)

"Happy England! What was that old legend of the maiden who proved the honour and honesty of Ireland by walking through the country, alone,

with rich and rare gems, on her slender fingers, compared with the true story of Sergeant Bates, who has just walked from Gretna Green to London, to test the self-respect and good feeling of our countrymen? The legend about the heroic maiden is very pretty, but it is probably not true; whereas the people of London will have an opportunity to-day of seeing Sergeant Bates in the body, as he walks up to the Guildhall with the star-spangled banner unfurled. No one has dreamed of insulting it—on the contrary, the gallant standard-bearer has been welcomed at every point along his triumphal march, and a sound of cheering, of feasting, and of the drawing of champagne-corks has accompanied him ever since he crossed the Borders. Sergeant Bates is an old hand at the business. After the Civil War in America, he carried the flag of the Union through the whole of the quondam Confederate States. This was a much more hazardous experiment, one might fancy, than carrying the American flag through England; but it was successfully performed. He was told that ten minutes after the Union flag was unfurled in Vicksburg there would be no more Sergeant Bates; but, all such bloodthirsty threats notwithstanding, he persevered in his purpose, and was not molested anywhere. The march through England, which he finishes to-day, is the result of a wager with an American merchant, who was of opinion that, if damages were awarded against England by the Geneva Arbitration, the feeling against America

would be so strong in this country that the Sergeant could not do that which he has now done. Sergeant Bates has since, we believe, cast aside all monetary considerations, and informed his antagonist in America that he would undertake the task from patriotic motives alone. We do not, indeed, think very highly of this merchant's knowledge of English common sense and self-respect, when he wagered 1,000 dols. to 100 dols. that the American flag would be insulted by any section of our people ; and, indeed, if he had only come over to this country, he would have found numbers of persons ready to accept the pecuniary challenge without giving him the pain of having to bet ten to one. We do not know that England is to be especially congratulated on a result that was inevitable ; but, at all events, we have put ourselves right with unbelievers abroad. We have added still another to our list of legends ; though it is fervently to be hoped that the Laureate, ever on the watch for such material, may not hear of it, and give us another Arthurian Idyll. But that is scarcely possible, indeed ; for although the 'violet of a legend' may blow among the chops and steaks of a tavern, and although a romantic story may be fashioned out of misty traditions even upon the bridge at Coventry, there are prosaic details about this particular exploit which could scarcely be got over. When Sir Galahad rode forth to seek the Holy Grail, he did not bet a hundred dollars that he would find it,

“ Nevertheless the strange adventures of Sergeant Bates must have been highly amusing ; and many a pedestrian will be envious of the good fortune that attended him on his way. It is not every one who can start on a holiday excursion, assured that busy little corporations are preparing enthusiastic addresses, and good-natured magistrates hurrying forward handsome banquets with which to regale the toil-worn traveller. It is said that tramps have certain secret signs which they inscribe on the gates and lintels of the houses they have visited, to let the next comer know what he may expect. We wonder if Sergeant Bates, who must obviously be a very good-natured gentleman, would mind telling any humble imitator how he fared at the various hamlets, villages, towns, and cities that were dotted, in staccato fashion, along the line of his route. Far be it from us to suggest that the Sergeant had any thought of feasting when he started from Gretna Green ; but the little surprises that befell him were of a pleasant nature, and such as we should all like to experience. The road from Gretna to the Guildhall is for the most part a pleasant and picturesque road, but there are portions of it which must be a trifle dreary to the pedestrian. At the very beginning of his journey, for example, Sergeant Bates must have contemplated with some dismay the long and level line of highway, at the end of which runaway couples used to find a blacksmith's certificate and the joys of married life. Doubtless his brief stay in

'Merry Carlisle' was found pleasant enough. The Cumberland hills were discovered to be sufficiently friendly; and so he pushed further down into the "North Country." The unfurled banner fluttered before many a startled villager standing by his native "Westmorland green." It came down from the region of the hills to the Lancashire plains. It skirted Morecambe Bay: it came on by Garstang, and Preston, and Bolton-le-Moors to Manchester, and yet no man went out to curse it. On the contrary, it obtained a far more willing reverence than was accorded to Gessler's cap when that was put up to exact the obeisance of the Swiss; and in Manchester, more especially, the Sergeant was followed by cheering crowds, who were determined to leave on Sergeant Bates's mind no doubt of the reasonableness of his belief. He came down by Wolverhampton and Birmingham, and all the Black Country rose to receive him. He reached Leamington, and the inhabitants presented him with a gold Maltese cross. 'Near Woodstock town he chanced to stray,' and here a deputation met him, to whom he made a nice little speech. In Oxford he held a levée, towards which the students thronged, and the 'foaming grape of Eastern France,' to use a phrase of Mr. Tennyson, flowed freely. On Thursday night he arrived at Uskbridge, the mystic banner yet unhurt. Yesterday he was at Shepherd's Bush, and to-day he closed his remarkable journey at Guildhall.

Throughout, as we have said, it has been a triumphal progress of the Bird o' Freedom. Wayfarers have offered to carry the knapsack of the adventurer. School children have come out and formed line in order to greet him as he passed. Country gentlemen have in vain endeavoured to seduce him from his vow by offering him the civility of a dog-cart. One lady was so affected that she ran up and embraced him—a tribute of beauty to valour. Students have drunk champagne freely : but perhaps that is not to be noted as an unusual incident. Altogether, Sergeant Bates had a merry time of it as he came down through England ; and if he ever had any vague notion that Englishmen might indulge a little petulance at the expense of the American flag, and that they sometimes like to have a grumble at their rulers, he will now be able to turn to the unhappy merchant, whose dollars he has won, in order to say, 'Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more.' "

CHAPTER XIX.

MY ENTRY INTO LONDON.

How shall I enter?—The *Morning Post*: account of my entry.—
 "Hats for Finsbury. —" Bravo! Bennett."—Mr. Lionel Brough.
 The Nigger minstrel again.—"Hurrah for Liberty, and no more
 policemen!"

How shall my entry into London be made?—on foot, on horseback, or—as suggested by some elderly gentlemen, who had had great experience of London crowds—in an open carriage? Sir John Bennett, through Mr. Holland, tendered me his carriage; but the carriage was a close one, and to have used it would have been like smuggling myself and the flag into the great metropolis. A friend who had accompanied me on foot from Birmingham, pressed me to finish the journey as I had begun, saying that the crowd, great as it was, would still make way for me; and with the instincts of a journalist, he whispered to me that the incidents of such a journey would be infinitely more interesting. Another friend suggested horseback, and he stuck strenuously to his proposition. Mr. Bruntton, Mr. Humphreys, and others, cast in their votes in support of a carriage. Mr. Holland begged the honour of supplying the conveyance, if I would only consent to use it, and I consented. All the others withdrew their opposition. By

eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, an open carriage, pair of horses and postilion, were waiting me at the door of the "Telegraph Hotel." With an eye to the scenic effect of the situation, Mr. Holland mounted two fine flags of England and America on the carriage, and had the horse trappings suitably decorated with international symbols.

The morning was dismally wet. Rain kept falling without intermission, but it in noways damped the ardour of the crowds who were congregated around my head-quarters. Cheers for Bates, the Flag, the United States, the Republic, the Star-spangled Banner, were kept up unceasingly outside.

The next difficulty was to seat the many applicants for places beside me in the carriage. To have accommodated them all was impossible, and I made the following selection:—Mr. Greig, who represented the American Press, and who had walked with me on foot from Birmingham, and Mr. Holland, who had provided the carriage, I invited beside me in the carriage. Mr. Humphreys, the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Brunton, were mounted on the box, whence the best view of the line of march could be had. Thus arranged, we set out for the Guildhall. Of the entry into London, the *Morning Post* of December 2nd gave the following account:—

SERGEANT BATES'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

(From the *Morning Post* of 2nd December, 1872.

"On Saturday, Colour-Sergeant Bates completed his self-imposed task, by carrying the Stars and Stripes through the Metropolis into the heart of the City of London. He had purposed accomplishing this last stage, like the rest of his journey, on foot, but his friends represented to him that in such case it would be a matter of extreme difficulty to make his way through the crowds that were certain to attend his march. The streets were, also, in an evil condition for a pedestrian, and had not been rendered more agreeable by the rain which had fallen during the night, so that the Sergeant was at length persuaded to avail himself of an open carriage, which had been kindly placed at his disposal. Sir John Bennett had kindly offered the use of his carriage, but an open carriage was the only one that could be used in conveying the flag and its bearer through the streets so as to be seen by the people. During Friday evening the 'Telegraph Hotel' at Shepherd's Bush, where Sergeant Bates stopped for the night, was in a continued state of siege, and the Sergeant was, in fact, compelled several times to hold small levées. In the morning, as the hour approached when he was to start upon his last day's journey,

crowds began to assemble in the road, and these increased until many hundreds were gathered together near the hotel. At about half-past ten, the carriage, drawn by a pair of greys, on one of which rode the postilion, drew up at the door. Rain began to fall heavily, and the carriage roof had to be closed for a time; but as the time for the departure drew near it was again opened, and two flags—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes—were placed at the back so as to hang out behind. The rain was not so heavy when, at about half-past eleven, Sergeant Bates made his appearance and mounted the back seat of the carriage. His appearance was the signal for some rounds of hearty cheering, which he acknowledged by bowing and waving his hat to the crowd.

DEPARTURE OF CARRIAGE FOR GUILDHALL.

THE carriage proceeded at a foot pace towards London, while the crowd pressed round to shake hands with the Sergeant, one of the first who succeeded being a burly sweep, who rushed through the crowd, evidently fresh from his morning's work, and whose left hand held his soot bag and brush, while his right left its mark plainly impressed upon the hand of the Sergeant. The crowds became rather greater as the carriage came through Notting Hill, while down the cross streets came constantly working men by twos and threes, rushing through to seize the hand of the Sergeant.

The crowd, for the most part, here consisted of decent working people, while farther on, and through Oxford Street, a large proportion appeared to belong to the classes in more easy circumstances, the windows and balconies along the route being also occupied by gazers of both sexes, who waved handkerchiefs in token of welcome. At Notting Hill was hung out the first Union Jack, and here, opposite the house of the loyal confectioner who had hoisted it, the carriage halted for a moment to allow the Sergeant to salute the English flag. At the same moment a handsome bouquet was thrown out of the window, and the hospitable owner of the house begged Sergeant Bates to descend and partake of a luncheon which he had prepared for him, and on his offer being declined with many thanks, he brought out some sherry, which was accepted, and he afterwards walked beside the carriage into town.

OXFORD STREET.

THE crowds in Oxford Street were very great, and the carriage at length turned down Bond Street, where the reception was as enthusiastic as before. Those near the carriage had been for some time begging to be allowed to unharness the horses and to draw the carriage on, and were with considerable difficulty prevented from carrying out their proposal. At length, just opposite Mr. Benson's house, they took off the

traces, some five-and-twenty of them holding on to the pole and its straps and drawing the carriage for the remainder of the route. The course marked out was through St James's Street, and on reaching Pall Mall, the Sergeant saluted the Royal Palace, halts being made for a moment for the same purpose at Marlborough House, the Guards' Club, the United Service Club, the War Office, and the Army and Navy Club. The monument to the Crimean heroes was also saluted in passing, as also the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. Not many flags were displayed along the line, but wherever the English or American ensign appeared within saluting distance it was duly honoured, and on reaching Temple Bar, a salute was given in honour of the City of London. Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill were densely thronged, and lusty cheers greeted the flag and its bearer as they were slowly drawn along the line and up to St. Paul's.

ARRIVAL AT GUILDHALL.

THENCE the route was by Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street to Queen Street, across Cheapside into King Street, and up into Guildhall Yard, which was a dense mass of people, among whom it was not at first very easy to perceive a veteran, Sergeant Brown, now a member of the Corps of Commissionaires, who carried aloft the English standard. This,

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however, was duly saluted, and the man in the carriage, either not comprehending or not caring to say anything, said to them or not choosing to heed them, it right in under the porch and up to the entrance of the Guildhall. The scene then presented a picture of beggars description; the police were in a state of helplessness when the occupants of the carriage discovered with a view of entering the hall, the place found to be too full to admit of any increase in the number of its occupants. It was then determined to enter the carriage again and to go from the centre of the yard; but the distance was how to reach it, although it was not more than three yards distant. The crowd were happy in excellent humour, and desirous of assisting Sergeant Bates, but so dense was the throng, and increasing in consequence of those in the hall coming out, that as he and those of his party advanced the carriage was borne away from them so that, though moving through the crowd for some yards, in the course of a few minutes they were still no nearer apparently to the attainment of their object. The pressure in the crowd was equal to that which was experienced in the poultry on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. At length those next to the Sergeant lifted him upon their shoulders and hoisted him bodily; flag and all, into the carriage, while the rest of his party, by a succession of violent efforts, managed to regain their former positions, none the

r the pressure they had experienced. And must be said that the good temper and conduct of the crowd, notwithstanding unavoidable pressure, was remarkable, for was no attempt at any violent pushing or through.

SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL.

aving taken his stand on the seat of the age, and again acknowledged some hearty cheers from the crowd, the Sergeant obtained silence, and said :—"Englishmen, I have but a few words to say to you, for I am not a man of many words, and it needs not many to explain to you the origin of the journey which I have undertaken. A year ago in America, in my own home Wisconsin, I asserted to my countrymen that the people of England were friendly to us Americans as a nation, and that America was respected by Englishmen. My friends asserted the contrary. I repeated my assertion, and said I would carry the American flag from one end of England to the other without its being treated with any disrespect. A merchant of Illinois offered to bet me a thousand dollars to a hundred that I could not do it, and I accepted the wager. No doubt a great many of my countrymen thought I was wrong and a great fool—(cries of "No, no"),—but I felt certain I was right, and I came over to this country. I tell you fairly that my first idea

was to win this thousand dollars for my wife and children—(cheers)—but after I had reached this country I thought differently. I thought that if I conducted the affair properly it might result in good, and I determined to carry it out on purely patriotic principles, so that if good did not result it should not be my fault. So, after I had started from Scotland, I mailed a letter to my friend in Illinois, telling him that I resigned the wager, and he might take the hundred dollars, but that I preferred to go through England from other motives. I did expect that this march would do some good, and I was determined that it should. I felt that I could rely upon the honour of Englishmen. (Cheers.) It has been asserted by the Press that this is a Yankee test of English feeling towards the States, but as far as I am concerned it is no test. It is only a proof that I was right. I did not cross the Atlantic for a test, but to prove that I was right when I said the English people respected America. Well, I have had a wonderful reception. I have met with nothing but the kindest treatment. I have not had even a cross look from any one. My own countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic have been watching the progress of the tour of my flag with the greatest interest, and therefore I am gratified that the English people have proved that I was right. (Cheers.) I have only one or two more words to say. As one of the most humble citizens of my country, allow me to thank you for the honour and

kindness with which you have received me to-day, and for the way in which you have received the Flag of America."

RETURN TO THE LANGHAM.

Loud cheers greeted the conclusion of this speech, after which the carriage was drawn out of the Guildhall Yard and thence into Moorgate Street. While passing up to Finsbury Pavement some champagne was brought out and presented to the Sergeant and party, and, after a short halt, the horses were at length put to and the carriage taken at a rapid pace to the Langham Hotel, where the Sergeant is at present staying. In the evening he dined at the Savage Club, as the guest of a member. During the return journey, and, as is supposed, somewhere near Smithfield Market, the brass spear head which surmounted the flag-staff dropped off. As Sergeant Bates values this much, it is to be hoped that the finder will forward it to the Langham Hotel for him. He will be happy to reward the restorer of what is now to him a precious relic.

SOME FURTHER INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH TO THE GUILDHALL.

I can never forget the sea of faces, the endless crowds, the fluttering flags, the waving handkerchiefs, the cheers, the kindly greetings of that last day of November. My hand seemed as if it were

wrung into pulp. Several kindly squeezes left bruises which will probably remain as permanent mementoes of my entry into London. It was no easy matter to hold the flag in one hand, and shake hands with several thousands with the other, and I was several times nearly dragged from the carriage by over-zealous well-wishers. We were scarcely away from the "Telegraph Hotel," when one man managed to pin the "Union Jack" and "Stars and Stripes" together, exclaiming, "May they ever be so united!" An old man presented me with a very ancient silver coin, struck in Spain, in commemoration of some peaceful journey similar to my own.

"Bates for Finsbury!" was the cry of two enthusiastic individuals, who never left the carriage all the way to the Guildhall. "Give us your hand, old pal," seemed the mode of salutation most in use among the Londoners. I heard it everywhere all along the march. Shop windows exhibited placards, bearing, "Sergeant Bates will pass here to-morrow at ten o'clock." Flags of all nations hung from the buildings. "Bravo, Bennett!" was a common cry in the west-end, where Mr. Holland was mistaken for the worthy Sheriff of the City. "What sort of crop of hickory nuts have they in America, Sergeant, this year?" said a young fellow who had evidently been across the Atlantic.

Mr. Lionel Brough, the celebrated burlesque actor, pushed his way to the carriage, and shook hands with me, amid cries from the crowd of

"You're a good 'un, Lionel." A toothless old lady, who was sadly jostled by the crowd, begged a flower from my bouquet, which I readily granted. She seemed greatly pleased with the successful result of her valorous efforts to reach the carriage. "Cheers for the Republic!" "Cheers for Dilke!" became common cries. Charity schoolboys and girls looked on my march with amazement. Ragged little urchins, who seemed hugely to enjoy the sport, caught hold of the flag, and tugged it heartily, in lieu of shaking hands with myself. An enormous mass of "hansoms" and cabs and private vehicles followed behind me, several of which contained the specials of the London papers.

Cabmen had little American flags mounted on their vehicles, or pinned to their horses' heads. Ladies in "hansoms" had the "Stars and Stripes" for carriage aprons, and children had toy American flags, which they waved with great glee. Servant maids shouted from housetops, and waved white handkerchiefs, while workmen crowded together on the top of unfinished buildings, and gave loud hurrahs for the American Union.

A nigger, black as ebony, in a new suit of clothes and spotless white shirt, followed close behind the carriage, arm-in-arm with a white man, apparently of Hibernian extraction. May their brethren beyond the Atlantic take a lesson from the fraternal sympathy of these two worthy members of their respective races! Perched on a church railing in the Strand sat an itinerant

"bones," the same who had serenaded me near Haines, but what tune he was now playing I could not discover amid all the din and stir and hubbub of the march. "Tell America," cried one man, "we shall love them all the better for this." "Hear, hear," said fifty voices around him.

An old man pushed up to the side of the vehicle, uncovered, and holding up a little boy of five years, said, "This is my grandson, Sergeant; I hope and trust he is to grow up a good Republican." "Odger for ever!" shouted another individual, whose joy was so boisterous that he very nearly had myself and flag dragged out of the carriage. "Cheers for Her Majesty," cried another. Some very rough individuals cried, "Hurrah for liberty, and no more policemen!" A sentiment which apparently struck a congenial chord in several hearts, for straightway some of the crowd set a-booing the police. But everybody was in good humour, and none more so than the members of the force themselves, who, indeed, did not have much trouble with the crowd, and let these harmless sallies of the pavement wits pass unheeded. Of my arrival at the Mansion House and my reception and speech there, a full account is given in the above quotation from the *Morning Post*.

CHAPTER XX.

FURLING THE FLAG.

Lose the Spear-Head of my Banner.—Scramble among the Young Ladies at the "Langham" for my Bouquet.—Dinner at the Savage Club.—Emmet at the Adelphi.

I FURLED my flag amid the plaudits of as enthusiastic a crowd as ever surrounded any foreigner—if after all an American can be called one—in the streets of London. My work was done. I was glad that my mission had been so triumphant a success, and yet I felt somewhat of regret that a path so strewn with kindnesses had come to a close. I had been knocking at the doors of the hearts of Englishmen on my way through their green valleys, villages, and great cities; and in every case I had had warm welcome. I believed that I had successfully vindicated and placed beyond all possible doubt the statement that "England has no ill-feeling to the United States." A statement which Englishmen may well say ought never to have been questioned, but on which, unfortunately, in the Western States at least, considerable diversity of feeling has hitherto prevailed.

Returning to the Langham Hotel, I lost the spear head of my banner, which I fear the finder considered too precious a relic to part with, as I have never again seen or heard of it.

On my arrival at the Hotel there was a scramble among the young ladies for the flowers composing my bouquet, which I readily distributed, retaining only a few buds for my loved ones at home.

In the evening I dined at the Savage Club, an institution which corresponds to our Lotus Club in New York. There was a crowded attendance. The table-cloth was of an international pattern, which gracefully displayed the American Eagle and star-spangled banner. I was the guest of Mr. Brunton. The chairman of the evening was Charles Vincent Boys, and among others' present were Andrew Halliday, the President of the Club, George Henty, Leopold Lewis, Godfrey Turner, Dr. Bennet—who presented me a day or two previous with a copy of his "Songs for Sailors"—H. S. Leigh, E. Draper, S. L. Blanchard, Edward C. Barnes, S. L. Fildes (Dickens' last illustrator), Edwin Hayes, Houghton, Woods, and others.

Mr. Brunton, myself, and party, attended the Adelphi Theatre the same evening, the management of which had placed a private box at our disposal, in order that we might witness my countryman, Mr. Emmet, make his *début* before a London audience in his celebrated impersonation of Fritz, in "Our Cousin German." The audience good-humouredly cheered me until I came to the front of the box and thanked them for their good feeling to myself and the flag I had that day furled. The orchestra then dove-tailed the "Star-spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen"

into one spirited performance, amid another round of hearty cheers. Mr. Brunton kindly sent me the following note next day:—

MR. BRUNTON TO SERGEANT BATES.

Decr. 2nd, 1872.

My dear Sergt. Bates,

The end of your march on Saturday was a glorious triumph. May you and your banner “ever wave!” Many thanks for dining with me at the Savage Club on your first day in London.

Ever truly and sincerely yours,

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Sergt. G. H. Bates,
U. S. A.

CHAPTER XXI.

SELECTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED IN LONDON.

From a number of other interesting letters, I select the following:—

I. FROM A LADY IN KENT.

Dear Sir,

As I am a warm admirer of the pluck and perseverance which induced you to perform the feat just concluded, I have a great wish to possess

your autograph, and should feel very, very much obliged if, before you leave England, you would send me a few words of your handwriting to add to my collection.

I am, dear Sir,

Saturday.

Yours faithfully.

II. FROM MEMBERS OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

*Trinity College,
Oxford.*

Dear Sir,

We beg to congratulate you on your arrival in London.

We send you three photographs of Trinity College and one of Magdalene College on the road you left the city by. We trust they may recall pleasant memories.

We are,

Yours very sincerely,

(Here follow names of members of Trinity College.)

III. FROM A MEMBER OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Dear Sir,

You were good enough to say when at Oxford that, if we sent our addresses to you at the Langham Hotel, you would send us a copy of your book, your photograph, and autograph.

I do not wish to trespass on your generosity, but would be very glad to have a photograph of yourself, and your signature, as a memento of the pleasure I felt in meeting you at Oxford. Your book I shall certainly buy, for I feel sure that if you present a copy of it to each of your admirers, the number of copies you will have to give away will be something prodigious. I was very pleased to read in the papers of the successful termination of your enterprise, and I hope that your health, if at all shaken by the hardships you must have undergone, will return to you in full vigour when you get back to America.

I remain,

Yours, &c., &c.,

F. A. ANSON.

P.S.—I hope the photographs we sent arrived safely.

IV. FROM THE ROYAL COURT TAILOR.

19, *Churton Street, Pimlico, S.W.*

2/12/72.

Dear Sir,

A thousand welcomes to England, and may the two countries be always united in friendship!

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE WITHEY.
(Royal Court Tailor.)

To Sergeant Bates,
United States Army.

V. FROM A LITTLE GIRL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Stratford-on-Avon,
Nov., 24, 1872.

Dear Sir,

As a little girl of this town, I felt quite disappointed in not seeing more of you this afternoon, and think you should have paid us a longer visit, as I am sure all us little girls would have been very pleased to have seen the Stars and Stripes of your national flag passing through the streets of our dear old town, which so many of your good and noble countrymen visit; and, to conclude, I may say you are all loved by us

ENGLISH LITTLE GIRLS.

VI. FROM A WORKING-MAN.

From J. Pomroy,
To
G. H. Bates, Esqre.

9, Stewart's Terrace,
Cubitt Town, Poplar,
London, E. Dec. 9.

Sergeant Bates,

Sir,

Thousands of my countrymen have already read your letter to the newspapers, and I have read it also, and I congratulate you with all my heart on all your undertakings. The flag of

America to be insulted ! no, indeed, it was carried in the right hands. I never had any doubts about it, and you, sir, could carry the flag of England from one end of the great and glorious Republic of America to the other, and meet with the same result. They shall yet beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, saith the Lord. You state in your public letter you will soon leave England ; how I wish I was going to be your fellow-passenger ! Really your beautiful letter is sublime. I am a poor labouring man with a wife and four sons, with a heart yearning for your great and glorious country. I might here mention that an uncle of mine died about four years ago at Stony Creek, State Michigan, and left property which belongs to some of us as nearest of kin. At the death of his wife we sent three letters, I think, to her, and they were all returned after about three months with the statement they were not required. Will you let me know if Mrs. Pomroy is alive in possession or another ? I ask you this favour because I like you better than a lawyer. Farewell, sir ; may the flower-strewn valleys where lies the encampments of the forgiven be your home !

I am, dear Sir,

Yours for life, and with profound esteem,

J. POMROY.

(S. Bates,)

VII. FROM A LADY IN LEAMINGTON.

Dear Sir,

Not having heard of your visit to our town until half an hour before you passed our house, I was not able to show you and your flag any honour.

I therefore send you a few lines to tell you how much I and my friends sympathize with you, and to assure you that our feeling towards America is one of kindness and goodwill.

My opinion is that we owe very much to the intelligence and ingenuity of your countrymen.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly.

Upper Parade,
Leamington.

VIII. FROM GEO. M. MURPHY.

Walworth, S.E.

Gallant Sir,

At the Lambeth Baths, Westminster Bridge Road, we have a large meeting of working-men every Saturday night, to whom I read the newspapers; we number generally some 2,000. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, when ambassador, came down and received an address from us. Mr. Moran at

he Embassy can tell you how, with my friend Newman Hall, we laboured during the Secession trouble, and I may say that I have received from Washington one of the Memorials to Abraham Lincoln on account of services rendered. So much to let you know it is not from idle curiosity I write, but to say that if you will kindly pay us a visit to our meeting at the Lambeth Baths on Saturday night, or some evening before you leave the old country, we will give you a real working-man's reception. God bless you and the two nations!

Yours, &c.,
GEO. M. MURPHY.

IX. FROM THE 2ND ROYAL CHESHIRE MILITIA.

Head-Quarters, Macclesfield, Cheshire,

December, 1872.

Colour-Sergeant G. H. Bates,
American Army.

Allow me, in behalf of the Staff-Sergeants to congratulate you on your safe arrival in London. I beg to inform you that I have forwarded to your address a group of the Staff-Sergeants of the 2nd Royal Cheshire Militia. You will perceive in the group that Major W. H. Paul, our Adjutant, sat with us when it was taken. He sits in the centre, on the left of me. Now, Sergeant Bates, in this

group you will see soldiers who have served their country in every part of the globe, and we trust that when you go back to your own country, in after years when you look at it, you will think of *Old England*, and likewise of the short and we trust pleasant time you have spent amongst us, and that our sincere wish is that the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes may always wave together in peace and in war! And I trust, with God's blessing, it will always be in peace. Now I must conclude, wishing you a safe journey back to your own country and family; and may God bless you with all the blessings of this life, and of the life that is to come, is the sincere wish of yours,

Very sincerely,

CHARLES PERCY, Sergt. Major,
2nd Royal Cheshire Militia,
Macclesfield.

P.S.—I enclose a list of the names in the group.

C. PERCY.

It will come by parcel office.

List of names in the group:—

Major W. H. PAUL.

S. M. C. PERCY.

Q. M. S. G. DALLY.

W. S. J. FLETCHER.

O. R. C. J. FIFE.

D. M. J. CLARKIN.

B. S. J. KELLY.

Col.-Sergt. J. WORT.

" " S. COOPER.

" " T. PIKE.

" " R. ALLCOCK.

" " J. MERRYMAN.

" " J. GRIFFIN.

" " T. WILSON.

" " A. ARMSTRONG.

" " D. SACH.

" " J. DEAN.

Sergeant J. WRIGHT.

" H. ADAMS.

" T. PROFFITT.

" J. BELL.

" J. RENNY.

" T. COOKE.

" J. BRADLY.

" G. JONES.

CHARLES PERCY,
Sergeant Major,
2nd Royal Cheshire Militia.

CHAPTER XXI.

LONDON.

People who "interviewed" me.—Visit to the Lions of the Metropolis.
—Crystal Palace.—Irving in "Charles I."—Mr. Spurgeon —Moore
and Burgess Minstrels.—Greeley Memorial Meeting.

THE first few days after my arrival in London were wholly occupied with the arduous task of receiving visitors, reading the shoals of congratulatory letters which were showered upon me,

"Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," and in consulting with parties who desired information about friends in America. People believed that I was a sort of walking dictionary of the inhabitants of the United States. Hence grievous disappointment was often felt at my inability to tell in what particular spot of the Union, Tom, Dick, or Harry, who left Shoreditch or Hackney two or three years ago, had located. Then people would come to me soliciting information as to which was the best place to emigrate to. Others wanted to know whether emigration was a wise step, and whether it was not better for a man to stay at home. Some folks had a most preposterous idea of the United States. They believed it a sort of Utopia, where gold was to be had for the picking up, and where the pains of toil and labour are unknown. Others went just exactly too far in the opposite direction. They were all for

going to the United States, but it was a land full of fears to them, and success seemed so problematical that they bid fair to spend their lives summing up the difficulties on both sides. To the strong, stalwart man, who knows a good trade, and knows it thoroughly, who sails with "hope at the prow and prudence at the helm," and who has a desire to emigrate, I say "Go!" To the man who is weak, and ill able to bear up against life's reverses, I say do not dream that a change of sky is to become a panacea for your distresses. We want no weak-minded purposeless men in the States.

Another class of men were very anxious that I should help them to decide betwixt the rival claims of the United States and Canada. Which of the two countries affords the better field for emigration? was a common question. I answer without being at all open to the charge of being unpatriotic, that both are good fields, that the one has advantages which the other has not, but that I naturally, as a United States citizen, prefer my own country.

I was pretty much annoyed by relic-hunters, who, could they have had their way, would soon have whittled my flagstaff into imperceptible pieces, and riven the banner into a thousand shreds. I gave a piece of my flag and my boots to the Wax Work Temple of the Messrs. Tussaud, as a small offering to those of the British public who worship such things, and who find at Madame Tussaud's perhaps the best field for the satisfaction of their curiosity. The Messrs. Tussaud had previously

voted me a niche among the immortal heroes who adorn their exhibition, a mark of honour for which I am told I ought to feel no small pride.

I was unable to reply to all the letters I received, or attend all the meetings and private parties to which I was invited, but I did my best to satisfy all. I visited the public buildings of the City, went to the theatres and concerts, and on Sundays ran after the famous divines. Of the public buildings no one so impressed me as St. Paul's Cathedral. The vast dome, towering high over all other buildings, with its golden cross glittering in the sunlight, seems ever admonishing men that they have a higher existence than that of mud-rakers amongst the sordid gains of the world.

Westminster Abbey I visited often, and always with emotion. Vast receptacle of the mighty dead, its older and crumbling monuments teach how frail and fickle a thing is life, and how perishable the greatest fame. I stood over the grave of Charles Dickens, and I was glad at Christmas time to see a wreath of holly on his tomb. Bless the hand that so sought to keep his memory green. Well do I remember when the story of his death was flashed over our country by the electric wire, that all, rich and poor, whether in Fifth Avenue mansion, or in log cabins by the rivers on the western prairies, lost a friend. One wept over "Tiny Tim," another thought of "Little Nell," another of "Pickwick" or "Sam Weller"—they were all creations so real that they were as living notabilities in our own country.

The Crystal Palace I visited on Boxing Day, and was mainly interested in the Aquarium, studying the queer ways of the denizens of the sea. The surging crowd of human beings—there were some fifty thousand folks present—was itself a sight, and their general gaiety and heartiness spoke volumes for the happiness of England.

I saw Irving in "Charles I.," one of the most moving bits of acting I saw on the London boards. But surely Cromwell was not the man this play would make him out to be ; nor Charles, for that matter, so saintly as Mr. Will's portraiture, and Irving's exquisite acting represent. The portraits of the King, which I saw at Warwick Castle, and in the Louvre, at Paris, revealed a soul more ease-loving and less heroic, while the cast of Cromwell's countenance at Warwick, and his portrait by Lely, give the features of a plain, blunt, honest man, of unconquerable will, and of massive brain-power ; and such I take it was the brewer of St. Ives, the Protector of the English Commonwealth.

I went to hear Mr. Spurgeon. All we Americans do—and we are never disappointed. His voice is so mellifluous and yet so powerful, that it is almost a physical marvel. How his voice fills the big building ! How calmly does he hold his vast audience, their faces the while displaying varied emotions as his discourse proceeds, just as the lake is rippled by the breeze. It was my privilege to meet Mr. Spurgeon, by his special invitation, in his study, just after the close of his Sunday morning

service. The same bright joyous smile which sparkles on his countenance in the pulpit, animates his features in private. With the greatest affability he welcomed me, and alluding to the rheumatic gout which so harasses him, he humorously said: "Sergeant, how I wish I had your legs?" I ventured to press him to visit our great country, and with a happy allusion to my military character, he said: "*Sergeant, Alexander sighed for two worlds to conquer, but alas, I find that one is more than enough for me.*"

Mr. Spurgeon also presented me with copies of his two works "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," honouring me with his autograph inscription on each. On one of them he wrote, "Gilbert H. Bates, with the christian regards of C. H. Spurgeon." On the other, "Gilbert H. Bates, with the sincere regards of C. H. Spurgeon."

The congregational singing in this church was the finest I have ever heard. A marked contrast to the Church Psalmody in our country, where it is vastly too much done by the proxy of a choir, who are more anxious to display their vocal ability than to conduct public worship.

I paid several visits to Messrs. Moore and Burgess's Minstrels. Mr. G. W. Moore was one of the best friends I had in London. The public who nightly laugh at his inimitably funny sayings scarcely know what a fellow of genuine good heart he is. I was always welcome at his entertainment, and always welcome in his own happy and

beautiful home. Of Mr. Burgess I may speak in the same terms. They are the monarchs of Ethiopian Minstrelsy, if they will pardon me using a word, which, in our Republican country, is not much in favour; long may they have the success which now attends them, and never require to perform "out of London."

THE STAGE AS A LINK BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.

In speaking of actors, I should draw attention to the fact that these wandering individuals are wonderful links between the two countries. Mr. Vokes came to me at the Adelphi, and said: "Sergeant, I am proud of the welcome your flag has got in London, and I ought to be, for your countrymen have dealt most generously with our family, and are taking us back again on most munificent terms."

The father of a celebrated family of actors now performing in the States, sent me the following letter, brimming over with good feeling:—

*61, Page Street, Westminster,
Monday, Dec. 2., 1872.*

Sergeant Bates,

Dear Sir,

It was my privilege, among the many on Saturday, as you were on your way to the City, to shake hands with you, and which I

managed to do after considerable [difficulty, and all but losing one of my boots just as I got to the side of your carriage, and, even then, I had no small scramble before I could fairly *touch* your hand—your face at the moment being turned in the opposite direction; but to my exceeding gratification, I succeeded in my object at last. I was in your wake on *Friday*, and hoped *then* to have seen you, and after walking from Hanwell to Ealing, and then taking a 'bus for Shepherd's Bush, it was my mortification to be just in time to find you had retired up stairs with your friends, and I was compelled to take the next train for London.

I repeat I shall always esteem it a peculiar moment of my life, and *value* my *privilege*, but that was not *all* with *me*.

I am under considerable obligation to the American people, and I would take this feeble method of trying to show it.

I have three children in America (as well as my wife), called the "Majilton Family," Charles, Frank, and Miss Marie, who are now performing with great success at the Grand Opera House, New York, and it is principally on their account I take this opportunity to address you, and to state how grateful I feel for the success my dear children have met with ever since they arrived at your great City, *unprecedented* success, I believe I may say, from the moment of their first performance at poor "Niblo's," just over two years ago.

After having gone through most of the States, and to California and Salt Lake City, they have returned again to New York, in good health and happiness, and full of gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons, and also considerably *better in pocket*. And now, dear Sergeant, I beg a thousand pardons for thus taking up your valuable time, wishing you many years of health and happiness and a safe and prosperous return to your home and family. And being assured of the sentiments of my dear ones across the Atlantic, I will say with them thanks, everlasting thanks, to the good and *great* American people.

MAJILTON.

One other letter received in London I should like to quote here, which came from an old man whose son fell fighting for our glorious Union. It is as follows :—

52, *Ernest Street, Albany Street,*
Regent's Park.

Sergeant Bates,

Honoured Sir,

My only son, Robert Storr, was one of the first to volunteer in the 15th N.Y. Engineers. He lost his life May 30th, 1862, aged 27 years. The Secretary of War has lately sent me a medal to wear in honour of his memory. I should much

like to have a few minutes' talk with you, never having the pleasure to talk to a soldier about the righteous cause my boy died for. I shall be happy to meet you any time for a few minutes. I am an old man, excuse this writing. I will call any time convenient to you, and remain,

Yours most respectfully,

ROBERT STORR.

We met, and the old man thought I had a striking resemblance to his son. He brought his granddaughter, a little girl, to see the flag her father died for, and with the best wishes for the continued amity of the two nations, we parted.

Such letters as these disclose that bond of union betwixt the two countries, which in the heated strife of politics is sometimes overlooked.

My friend Captain Mayne Reid presented me with copies of his novels—a present which I esteemed highly, as he was the first to set my Southern tour right before the eyes of some of my countrymen who denounced it as foolhardy and frivolous. I was frequently at the Captain's table, and had many a happy evening's chit-chat with himself and his most amiable lady, Mrs. Reid.

To Andrew Jackson Reynolds, C.E., of White Plains, New York, I am under deep obligation for much kindly sympathy displayed by him continually with the fortunes of my flag on its English travels. I received many presents in

London, which I ultimately found came through the instrumentality of this estimable and unobtrusive gentleman.

In consequence of my having written a letter in the *Daily News*, which was understood by many good people to imply that I was not sure whether Tartarus or Elysium was to be my future resting place, I was deluged with letters and tracts and admonitions, some of which so smacked of brimstone that they might have shaken the nerves of a stronger man than I am.

THE GREELEY MEMORIAL MEETING
IN LONDON.

I shall ever remember with a sort of mournful satisfaction, that at the meeting of American Citizens, convened at the Langham Hotel, to express their sense of the loss sustained by the United States through the death of Horace Greeley, I was present by special invitation, and the mourners met under the folds of the flag I had a few days before carried through England. My flag was heavily draped with crape, and was placed in the centre of the room. The two smaller English and British flags which were carried on the carriage during my entry into London, were entwined round the chandelier, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes being fittingly joined together on this occasion of mourning, just as they had previously travelled together amidst all the merry rejoicing of my entry into the city. Greeley was my friend,

ever "faithful and just to me." He sent for me after the completion of my Southern tour, and then, and ever since, I found him to be a man of broad, generous sympathies and loving heart. I did not think at the conclusion of my English tour, that the flag which had been kissed by so many of England's humbler citizens,—the class of folks with whom Greeley's heart ever beat most warmly,—was so soon to be the drooping cypress at a meeting of mourners for his loss. Out of respect to the memory of that great and good man, I insert here, in this little book which is to circulate in England, some notes of the meeting I allude to, as only a very brief notice of the meeting appeared in the English papers.

Mr. Dorsheimer, of Buffalo, was unanimously called to the chair.

Mr. Lincoln paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the deceased, narrating, among other incidents, the following interesting story:—Greeley was once presented with a beautiful gold watch by some admirers, which was stolen from him before he had reached his home on the evening of the presentation. The good man was naturally a little chafed and disappointed at the loss, but thinking the matter over, thought that it was better to say nothing of it, and so prevent others than himself being annoyed by the loss. He alone was the sufferer, and he alone he determined should be. One day he was met by an eminent New York criminal lawyer, who accosted him merrily.

"So, so, Mr. Greeley, and you have lost that fine new watch you got the other day."

Mr. Greeley.—"I am sure I never said so to any one."

The Lawyer.—"That may be, but you have lost your watch notwithstanding."

Greeley was sadly puzzled, and in his perplexity appealed to his tormentor for the solution of the matter.

"How do you come to know of this?" said the editor of the *Tribune*.

"In this way, Mr. Greeley. The fellows who took your watch, on going to the head-quarters of their gang, and finding out whose watch it was, said, 'Oh, we can't keep Horace Greeley's watch; let us take it to Charley Spencer, and ask him to return it, with our regrets that we ever took it.'"

"So, Mr. Greeley," said Charley Spencer, "here is your watch."

The Hon. Mr. Creighton, of Maryland, followed, in a speech in which he begged leave to cast his sprig of cypress on the bier of Horace Greeley. While the Editor of the *Tribune* was the foremost to demand the maintenance of the Union when Southern secession threatened its very existence, yet he was the first, when the rebellion was crushed, to come forward, and in accents of peace, say, "Let us forget the past. Let us be brothers."

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., looking at the gas (which, owing to the gas stokers' strike, was then burning very low), said: "To-night even the very

gas is at half-mast for Greeley." Then looking at my flag, he said, with fine emotion, "And even the very stars are draped with mourning." Mr. Seymour spoke of the work Greeley had done, his life-long advocacy of the un-manacling of the African race. "Like *our* Franklin," said Mr. Seymour, "for we must claim him as *ours*; he determined in early life to devote his years to the furtherance of those great principles on which he believed the future welfare of society rested. And when he died, it was because of grief at the loss of the woman who had been identified with him in his life's work, rather than from political defeat." Mr. Seymour claimed that he had a special right to speak at that meeting, seeing he was an Irishman by birth, an Englishman by adoption, and an American in sympathy and by relationship to Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York; while Colonel Charles Seymour, of Kentucky, was his brother, and he (Horatio Seymour) had a daughter who, with her husband, were now in America and American citizens. He was one of her Majesty's Counsel, an LL.D. of the University of Dublin, and Recorder of Newcastle, and in these varied capacities begged to offer tribute to the memory of the great deceased.

Judge Bliss, of Ohio, and a member of the Greek Embassy, and others, followed. The meeting was solemn, as became the occasion, and one which will not soon be forgot by those who were present.

A few days after this meeting I sat out for Paris, of my trip to which, and of my pleasant sojourn in Dover, and reception by the Royal Artillery at Dover, I now propose to write a few words.

I ought here to mention that the White Star line of Atlantic steamers, by their agents in Liverpool, tendered me a complimentary return passage in any of their ships, a compliment which I appreciated very highly, and all the more so that it came from a company whose vessels now make the swiftest passages of any of the steamers which are now traversing the ocean between England and America. I should mention that Mr. Gaze, tourist conductor, presented me with a return ticket to Paris and a set of his hotel coupons.

Also, I owe a word of thanks to the English Press, of all shades of political opinion, for the generous view they took of the object of my visit ; and I especially thank the London Press for reporting my march at such length, and speaking of myself personally in such favourable terms. One or two papers were not so enthusiastic as the others, but I should be worse than unreasonable if I expected that every journalist should take precisely the same view of my mission as I have taken. The wonder to me has been their extraordinary unanimity of kindly sentiment to myself and flag. For all these tributes let me again say how truly thankful I am.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOVER CASTLE.

Antiquities of the Place.—Hospitalities of the Mess.—Reminiscences of Balaclava.—Address presented by the 17th Brigade of the R. A.

ON my way to Paris I remained a day at Dover, in order to inspect the famous old Castle. I was shown through the Armoury by Mr. Quigley. On coming out I was met by Battery Sergeant Major Potter, and afterwards by Brigade Sergeant Major Shipley, and others, who all with much cordiality tendered me the hospitalities of the Sergeant's mess during my stay in Dover. I was immediately hurried off to their mess-room, where a nice dinner of curry and rice, &c., had just been prepared. After dinner I was shown the silver cups which this Brigade has been successful in winning at Shoeburyness. These were filled with sherry, and after the Queen of England had been duly honoured by a bumper, that of our honoured President was given, and the continued success and amity of both countries was proposed by the Master Gunner of the Castle, Sergeant Drake. Afterwards, I was shown a Church, which is believed to be the oldest in England. I was also shown the Pharos Tower, which is the oldest lighthouse in the country, with whose cheering light even the old Romans were familiar as they paddled their galleys to these Kentish coasts. I was conducted

through subterranean passages, whose mazy windings, if extended in one straight line, would reach for more than fifty miles. The whole hill on which the Castle stands is honeycombed with these channels. After roaming over the precincts of the Castle, I was invited to a sumptuous tea, spread in the Sergeants' mess-room, and where all the Sergeants and several other friends joined me. The room was large, comfortable, and well lighted, and I have seldom met a cheerier, happier, better disposed and more enviable set of men than my hosts on this occasion. Belonging to a crack Brigade, living in a town devoted to the Army, officered by officers of whom every one of them speaks in the highest terms, they seem to have as happy and delightful a time of it as any military men I ever met. On my return from Paris they gave me a quadrille party, at which one of the most prominent decorations was a set of fifty lances which had been used in the now world-wide celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaclava. I was speaking of the terrible carnage on that field of slaughter to one man who was present at this banquet by invitation, and who rode in this celebrated charge. "Yes," said he, "it was fearful work. Captain Nolan, the finest Cavalry Officer in the army, fell at my feet—rolled overjust as if it were there"—said he, pointing to the ground. "We rode to death, and we knew it. But we rode to show the world what English soldiers will do at duty's call, and in this view, Sergeant,

the charge of the Light Brigade is not to be looked on as a mere disaster." Now that I have met these men, as well as so many others of the soldiers of England, I can testify to the splendid stuff of which they are made. I have felt my heart warm to them as to brothers in service, and the happiest hours I have had in England have been spent with them.

On the occasion of the quadrille party, I was presented with the following address, beautifully written on parchment :—

COMMISSION PRESENTED TO SERGEANT BATES
BY THE 17TH BRIGADE, R.A.

December 20th, 1872.

ALL Noble Sergeants and Sergeants of the 17th
Royal North Devon Artillery, have great pleasure in
presenting a Colour-Sergeant Bates, of the United
States Army, to Dover, having taken great interest
in his tour through England, more especially for
the occasion upon which the tour has been made.

The Commandants of the 17th Brigade Royal
Artillery are assured that Sergeant Bates cannot
possibly be so much surprised that he was fully justified in the
expressions of his opinions relative to the good
character of the inhabitants of this
country, and of his own.

His tour through England, he found people
of the same high character as the people of the United States, of
the same high character, and religion, and with

institutions which in a political point of view, although somewhat different, yet with the great broad principles of government the same, and working for the same ends—the freedom and welfare of their citizens. This should be sufficient to cause us to take a deep interest in each other's welfare ; but there are yet greater reasons, inasmuch as there is scarcely a family in either country but what has relations or friends in the other.

It does not become us as soldiers to dilate upon the benefits to accrue from the continued friendship of the two countries, but we think that the welcome that has been accorded to Sergeant Bates will be accepted as a true indication of the feelings existing in this country towards the people of his own.

(Signed by the whole of the Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants of the Brigade, and several others.)

I was also presented by Mr. Quigley, who is native of the North of Ireland, with a cutlass which had been used in the celebrated Naval engagement at Trafalgar. Also Sergeant-Major Shipley presented me with an ancient spear-head, which dates from the time of the Roman invasion, and was found some few years since while some excavations were being made in the grounds of the Castle.

During my stay at Dover, I put up at the " Harp

Hotel," the landlord of which, Mr. Fry, was indefatigable in affording me all information of the many sights and objects of interest in this ancient town. The house itself is all that can be desired in the matter of accommodation, and is reasonable in charges and well provided. I ought not to omit mentioning that Trumpet-Major Godon, who is the most learned man in the lore of the Castle, conducted me over it, explaining all its rare historical and antiquarian associations. And also presented me with beautiful photographs of the old church and the Pharos Tower. I also received two or three photographs of groups of the Sergeants, as well as of several individual members of the Brigade. Sergeant Urquhart, the winner of the second cup at the last National Artillery Competition at Shoeburyness, was also present, and I found him a kindly, warm-hearted Scot, full of love for his Queen and country, and full of respect for America, where he has many friends and acquaintances. Like many other good shots, he is a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARIS.

Hotel des Invalides.—Tomb of the Great Captain.—Visit to the American Legation.—Reception at Butterfields.

FROM Dover I went to Calais, *en route* to Paris. We crossed the Channel, a distance of twenty-two miles, in one hour and a half, which Captain Bennet, of the *Wave*, claimed to be a remarkably good passage in face of the chopping seas, which made matters pretty lively for some of the weaker stomached of our passengers. The short voyage was quite uneventful. We saw a few ships, and had a fine sea-view of Dover Castle. The towers of Calais were welcomed so soon as they could be seen through the greyish fog which was hovering around the French coast. We entered Calais about half-past twelve, and after some refreshment took our seats in the train for Paris. There were a goodly number of us in the carriage, and several began to perpetrate execrable attempts at French, until it oozed out that, with one exception, we were all English-speaking folks. On our way to Paris, we found the country considerably flooded. Some of the rivers, slow, sluggish-looking streams, were freighted with the spoils of inundation. The capital of France was reached about half-past six, in the evening. Several English gentlemen, also a Mr. Morrison from Scotland, and the celebrated

English rifleman, Sergeant Soper, of the Berkshire Volunteers, who was in Paris consulting with the French Government on the improvement of the Chassepôt, were among the first friends who welcomed me on my reaching the city. Mr. Soper I found quite an enthusiast on the subject of fire-arms; and, so far as I can judge, he seems to have brought the rifle to the furthest limit of perfection in the matter of quick shooting. On the evening of my arrival, I made the interesting discovery that French hotels don't supply soap—an exasperating discovery to make just after one has stripped for ablutions. We strolled about among the brilliantly lighted cafés, and looked in on a *bal masqué* at the Valentino. Men and women, attired in garish costumes, were capering about in wild, frenzied excitement. "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!" was the order of the day; and, probably, it is only in France where such *abandon* can be witnessed as we saw amongst these maskers. And all this mad carousal was taking place in a city which only a few months before was sitting as a skeleton beside the gaunt figure of Famine, with the guns of an enemy commanding her most sacred edifices. "Live to-day," is a philosophy which the French seem thoroughly to have mastered.

I visited the *Hôtel des Invalides*, where in a magnificent mausoleum rest the ashes of the first Napoleon. The reverential air of the sight-seekers who were gathered around the sarcophagus, told

how deeply the memory of the Great Captain is still written upon the Frenchman's heart. I was particularly struck with a group of holiday-making rustics who were gathered around the tomb, and whose profound adoration of the departed was very evident, and reminded one of the pictures of the pilgrims at Mecca. I was struck with the number of *cartes* of the exiled heads of the Second Empire which were everywhere displayed in the print-sellers' windows, and forming generally the subjects on the slides of the stereoscopes and monacles. More than one tradesman in Paris said to me, in a quiet, confidential way, that while the Republic might be a better thing for France, there was little doubt but that the Empire would be better for the tradesmen's pocket. I observed, on one side of the Rue Napoleon, that in the name of the street the word "Napoleon" was obliterated; but, on the opposite side, some daring hand had removed the material concealing the once-for-a-season almost universally hated name. What surprised me in Paris was that some of my own countrymen, moneyed residents in Paris, seemed to sigh as much for the return of the Empire as if they had been reared in the atmosphere of European Courts, instead of in the free air of Republican institutions. That they should prove renegade, only shows how some people are not loth to kick the ladder by which they have risen. I must confess with what horror I viewed the vandalism of the Commune; the magnificent Tuileries in ruins; the Hôtel de Ville

a charred skeleton, with walls abraded everywhere with shot; the Place Vendôme showing only the stump or pedestal of that great military column which was the pride of France. "The Commune is crushed, annihilated, stamped out," said an Englishman to me; but another, who meets French refugees in London every day responded, "You never were more mistaken in your life; the late Commune is still a political power in France." So fickle are they in Paris, that their politics seem inscrutable to the eyes of ordinary mortals, and are indeed viewed by themselves as games of chance, and enjoyed with the same sort of gusto as a pack of children enjoy the general scramble at blindman's buff. And yet how polite are the French—how deferential to the foreigner! With what feelings of regard do they speak of our own Republic across the Atlantic! How their eye is lit up when we speak to them of Washington and Lafayette, or when we speak of the love which all Americans have for the capital of France, the Queen City of Europe! "See Paris and die," is a saying which has passed into the currency of a proverb with us.

I visited the American Legation. Our Ambassador, Mr. Washburne, was then in Wisconsin, but Colonel Hoffman, the *chargé d'affaires*, who for the time was occupying the Ambassadorial chair, received me, as he does all American citizens, with the greatest courtesy and kindness. I was pleased, as a lover of Republican institutions, to find the

door of the Embassy, when I knocked for admission, quietly and unostentatiously opened by the Colonel himself. I like this. It was refreshing after repeatedly running lacquey blockades at the houses of men of much inferior note. That same evening I received the following invitation to a reception given by one of the wealthiest of the American citizens who have now taken up permanent abode in Paris. :—

“Mr. Henry J. Butterfield and Miss Butterfield will be happy to see Mr. Sergeant Bates this evening at half-past nine, to meet Colonel and Mrs. Hoffman, General and Mrs. Read, Admiral Godon, and others of his distinguished fellow-citizens. Mr. and Miss Butterfield present their respects and congratulations to Sergeant Bates on his recent successful tour through England.

“Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1872.

“No. 6, Rue Presburg.”

I found Mr. Butterfield one of the pleasantest of men. He is an Englishman by birth and an American by adoption, and had watched my journey with the flag with the intensest interest. At his house I met several individuals of distinction, prominent among whom were the Prince Zurlo, Prince de Polignac, Duc de Praslin, Duc and Duchesse Bogano, Comte and Comtesse de Palikao, M. and Madame Phalen, Madame Zoborowski, Mrs. General Viele, Mr. Munro, Banker,

the attic are statues of Justice, Temperance, Prudence, and Strength. The huge cupola, which forms so conspicuous an object in Paris, is sustained by a circular colonnade of forty Corinthian columns. The summit of the dome is 104 yards high. A white marble staircase leads to the entrance of the crypt, where is the tomb of Napoleon I. The tomb is upwards of four yards long, two wide, and four and three-quarters high, and stands on a green granite base, from the Vosges ; all around the crypt is a covered gallery, decorated with bas-reliefs, executed from designs by Simart. Twelve colossal figures represent the Emperor's twelve principal victories, the last work executed by Pradier, and looking towards the sarcophagus. The figures are made of antique red granite from Finland, presented by the Emperor Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias. In a black marble vault, facing the entrance door, stands a white marble statue of Napoleon I., in coronation robes, by Simart. The mosaic pavement is of the time of Louis XIV. The tombs of Turenne, Vauban, and of Prince Jerome Buonaparte, are also prominent objects in this imperial mausoleum.

While in Paris, I again met Mr. Dorsheimer, of Buffalo, the chairman of the Greeley Memorial Meeting at the Langham, as well as various other citizens of the States, who had come over to spend the winter in Europe. I was amused hearing an account of how the French papers treated my entry into London. They all had it that I entered

Climate, of course, in great measure accounts for this. The hale, hearty Yorkshireman soon loses his rubicund looks after a few years of the burning sun of New York, and the stove-heated rooms of our frigid winters. I daresay there is something in the remark made by a London medical man to me, that our fondness for pastry, and our continual devotion to scalding tea and coffee, at all meals, have a good deal to do with the deterioration of our physique. Then our ladies live too much in idle luxury at home, and thereby become delicate as hot-house plants. But what my countrymen and countrywomen lack in physique, they perhaps gain in intellectual force. I think the expression of our American ladies, the intellect that speaks in their countenances, their gracefulness, and their culture, place them in the front rank of the womanhood of this planet. I think there is "independence" written on the brows of our countrymen so unmistakably, that a stranger might say of them, "Only a land of liberty can raise such men as these." There is less servility, less silly cringing, fawning, among our humbler classes than there is among the lower classes in England. There are several English ways and customs which seem to be relics of an unmanly and dependent, almost beggarly, state of matters in the past. For example, in America, if I go into a restaurant, I know exactly what I have to pay, and I pay it; in England, after I have paid my bill, a waiter cringes and bows—and with all respect to a hard-working

sums for they are the creatures of the custom, not the creators of it—begs me for twopence or threepence of gratuity. If I want to contract with a cabman or somebody else, I cannot get him to state his price—all I can get is, "Your pleasure, sir!" accompanied by the same scraping, and fawning, and cringing, and bowing. Now, why should not the master of the restaurant pay his waiters, or put the sum *in the bill*? All these indefinite sums which are at once not due, and which, nevertheless, it is said a gentleman must not refuse to pay, ought to be ruthlessly swept from the catalogue of charges, just as they are with us. When I get hold of a grievance, even so paltry a one as these little hotel imposts, I like to handle them without gloves.

Railway travelling in England is a century behind us in the States. Why, with us, you can have your meals on board; bed, sofas, library, washing accommodation, and every needed convenience. Such a horrible arrangement is the English third-class; its cushionless seats, its small windows, its low ceiling; with what a sense of freedom do you regain the platform, after being cooped up, like a fowl, for a few hours in it!

The highways, in England, the great public roads, are as much ahead of ours as our railways are ahead of those in England. Time is, of course, needed to make a good highway, but I marvelled as much at the splendid roads over which I travelled as I did at some of the great viaducts and other

public works which were singled out for my especial admiration.

I was much struck by the number of towns in England, of considerable size, that had no daily newspaper. With us, when a new town starts, the Editor and a Jew store-dealer are about the first men that come along ; then the doctor and the clergyman follow suit. At Southam, a town of 1,800 inhabitants, half-way between Leamington and Banbury, they seemed to be astounded at my expecting them to have the London penny papers, or daily papers of any place, on sale there. It was sacrilege to think of such a thing.

The price of clothing is almost as cheap again in London as it is with us in the United States. England, in this respect, both for material, make-up, and fit, is enormously ahead of the States. Here they say our backwardness in the way of clothing is owing to our protective tariff. My fellow-citizens had better note the fact.

Food of all kinds is better, and better cooked, in England than in the States ; but I missed the buckwheat cakes at breakfast, although I certainly struck one shop in Paris where they turned out cakes and pumpkin pies as well as if the cook was "native, and to the manner born," which, for all I know, he may have been.

Workmen's wages are very much smaller in England than in America, but then the expenses of living are very much less, and the climate is so equable and mild, that a good deal can be said on

the same is the important question. The workman is certainly a better being, I think, than he is in England. Our country has more need of him than England has, and looks on him with a more liberal eye than the latter. He is the light of human benefactors. There is certainly a greater power in the States than in England.

If the physical aspect and products of the two countries I have not much to say. There is, of course, a vast difference between the wide, rolling sea of Maine and where my own home is and the mountain world and gardens scudded with trees and churches through which I have recently marched. But up in the Catskills district of New York State I think the aspect and scenery similarly picturesque to those in the north-west of England. The large cities are of course widely different, because in the one country they are the product of centuries, in the other almost the growth of a day. Yet the folk in both are busy, energetic, and enterprising.

We have, however, all varieties of country in the States, from the sterile rocks of Maine to the golden shores and semi-tropical regions of California.

The inhabitants of the States are more diverse. On the Pacific slope of our country, hordes of Chinese are pouring in, bringing their ancient civilization in contact with the newer and more active life of America. The Ethiopian, whose "Counterfeit presentment" has so often met me on my English

march, we have in abundance, and, now that the fifteenth amendment has given him political privileges, he is no longer a disturbing power in the political working of the country. Of Europeans, we have all nationalities. The noble red man still stalks the land, but no longer with that majesty of deportment which marks the romantic representatives of that race in the excellent novels of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. Alas! too, the story comes to us again and again from the back-woods, that the poor Indian is dying out. The ravages of disease, and the fatal inroads of the vices of the white man, are killing these dusky fathers of the country by thousands.

Politically, the future of our country is promising. A nation of freemen, we are not trammelled by the traditions of a feudalism which other countries are still trying to shake off. Nor are we only experimenting in Republicanism, as some other countries are. We have a Constitution old enough to be venerated, but not so old as to be considered beyond improvement. Our folks are free, but they know they are the guardians of their own freedom, and that if ever it is in jeopardy, it must be by their own act; and hence they are cautious, and many of them Conservative. The saviours of a country are not always those who are the most clamorous for change. Nor is the United States a country, as some suppose, where everybody treads on the heels of the other, crying madly for some new thing in politics. American political life is no

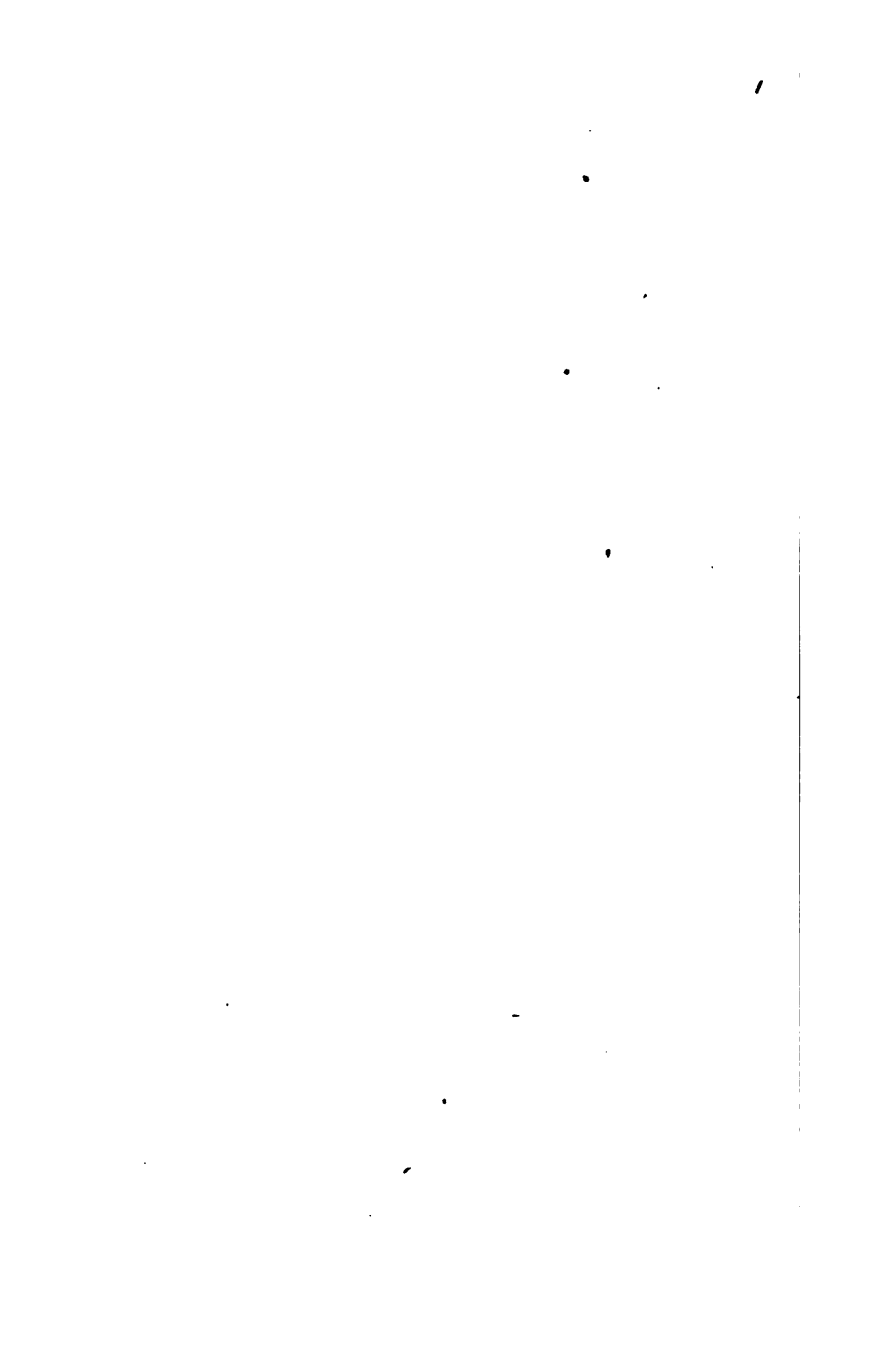
such kaleidoscope as our detractors represent. Here must end a chapter which I fear is bound to offend some of my readers, for comparisons are odious, and their treatment in a book such as this an eminently ticklish one, but I could not well avoid saying something of the characteristics of the two nations. So a truce for the present to politics.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAREWELL !

A LITTLE book such as this, which is intended mainly as a memento for friends, cannot well conclude without a few farewell words, even although epilogues have long since passed out of fashion ; but I promise that my parting words shall be brief. The foremost words on my lips are words of thanks, which I feel I cannot too often renew, for the innumerable kindnesses the people of England have showered on me as the bearer of a Flag which they honour and love. I return to my own country, conscious that my mission, Quixotic and undiplomatic as it has been termed, has never had any words of worse import applied to it than these ; while by many, and especially by the people, it has been hailed as a harbinger of better things for the future. To my mind, as I pass in review the varied incidents of my march, its importance

swells into the 'majesty of an imperial theme, and might be the not unfitting subject of a Laureate's Song. Is it possible, let me ask, that the thousands of children whose mothers have pointed out to them the Flag of America passing along amid the plaudits of the bystanders, can grow up and not respect and love the United States more than if I had never trod the soil of England? Will not the generous treatment everywhere accorded me by all classes stir kindred chords in the hearts of my countrymen, who are of all people in the world the most open to every warm and generous impulse? Let, therefore, my concluding words be kindred in sentiment to those I have met all along the march. "May the Flags of both countries ever wave in freedom and peace, till that 'far truer time' when there shall be but one Flag, because but one people, on the face of the Earth!"



APPENDIX.

I. LETTERS—"WHITE STAR LINE" TO SERGEANT BATES.

"White Star Line,"

Liverpool, Dec. 20, 1872.

Sergeant Bates.

Dear Sir,

Understanding that you are about to return to the United States, we beg to say we shall be happy to give you a free passage to New York by any of the boats of the "White Star Line," and would reserve a berth for you on learning the date on which you decided to embark. We enclose a list of our sailings, and are,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

ISMAY, IMRIE & Co.

" *White Star Line*,"

Liverpool, Dec. 23, 1872.

Sergeant G. H. Bates,
Langham Hotel,
London.

Dear Sir,

We are in receipt of your favour of yesterday, and are much obliged to you for the kind terms in which you refer to the "*White Star Line*," and to the token of friendly feeling which we had the pleasure of conveying to you in ours of the 20th instant.

Enclosed we beg to hand you the usual passengers' contract-ticket for passage per *Atlantic*, 9th January,

And we remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

ISMAY, IMRIE & Co.

p. J. G. McCann.

II. CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE SECRETARY
OF THE INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Langham Hotel,

London, Jan. 3, 1873.

Henry W. Green, Esq.,
Secretary Infant Orphan Asylum,
London.

Sir,

If acceptable, I should like very much to make a present to your deserving institution.

Messrs. Routledge are about publishing my journey from Gretna Green to the Guildhall, on which they are to pay me a liberal royalty. It is my wish to contribute this royalty to the Infant Orphan Asylum. The book is neither political nor partizan in character. My reasons for tendering this gift are, first, because I do not wish, as an American citizen, to speculate with the Flag in England, and second, because your institution commends itself to me, who as a father can appreciate an institution where the fatherless and motherless are cared for and protected.

Should you accept this donation, please notify me, that I may have the necessary papers made out, transferring the royalty to your institution.

Yours truly,

GILBERT H. BATES.

Infant Orphan Asylum, Wansted,
Office, 100, Fleet Street, London, E.C.,
January 3, 1873.

Dear Sir,

I have just received your very kind letter, and thank you sincerely for the generous proposition it contains. I beg to accept very gratefully the important aid which you will thus render to the Asylum, and to assure you that, independently of its money value, the offer you have made will be highly appreciated by our six hundred infant orphans at Wansted, on account of its noble and disinterested character.

If it would be agreeable to you, I should be happy to send you an engraving of this Asylum, which may, perhaps, remind you, when surrounded by your little ones in your own country, of the fatherless and motherless infants whose welfare you were anxious to promote.

Your "march" through England, remarkable already as an illustration of perseverance and resolution, will derive an additional and affecting interest from the recollection that, allied to these sterner qualities, there was a heart capable of entertaining an affectionate regard for little fatherless babes.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant,
HENRY W. GREEN,
Secretary.

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